

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO 22

VOLO WOMEN SENTENCED

Judge Donnelly Fines Rail Riders \$100 Each for Their Little Fun

CENSURES EACH SEVERELY

Fine Must be Paid or They Must Remain in Jail Till Paid—Fine Smallest That Could be Imposed

Judge Charles Donnelly Tuesday afternoon assessed a fine of \$100, each against the five Volo women who were charged with riding Mrs. John Richardson on a rail last fall, and as he placed the fine on them, he stated they should be incarcerated in the county jail until the fine was paid, giving them, however time to go home to Volo and try to arrange for the money with which to pay the fine.

Before he fixed the fine, Judge Donnelly scored the women's act in most forceful language and plainly told them if they were men or if they were wealthy women, he would inflict the extreme penalty for their treatment of Mrs. Richardson; and he added, if after the case had been started against them, they had come into court and had pleaded guilty and said they regretted their act, he would have given them the smallest penalty possible.

Under the law he could have fined them \$200 and sentenced them to six months in jail.

Attorney Pope, when the case was called, declared he would not argue for a new trial, explaining that Mrs. Raymond was sick and unable to be in court but that she was willing to have the records show her present.

State's Attorney Dady said that he realized the defendants, at the time they rode Mrs. Richardson on the rail did not realize the seriousness of their act; that if they had been men, he would insist on the extreme penalty, but being women, he felt the law should be vindicated, so he would not ask the extreme penalty, but would leave it to the courts discretion.

It was then that the four women, Mrs. Emma Stadfeldt, Mrs. Alma Walton, Mrs. Ann Stadfeldt and Mrs. Chris Sable, were called before the bench and Judge Donnelly started in:

"You women took the law into your own hands and whether Mrs. Richardson was guilty of what you charged her or not doesn't matter; you had no right to be her judges. This case has attracted attention from one end of the land to the other and the whole nation's eyes are on Lake county to see whether we are civilized here or not; and whether we will submit to such an uncivilized act as this proved to be.

"While I sympathize with you and have known some of you for years and have talked to some of you since and to your neighbors, the fact is were you not justified in your actions—You Unquestionably Committed a Riot, without any justification whatever, and if you had more property than I feel you have or if you were men, I should inflict the severest penalty, but under the circumstances, I feel different and must do my duty."

He then called the women separately and asked what property they have in their name.

Mrs. Emma Stadfeldt said she had nothing and no means excepting what her husband earned as a blacksmith.

"Can you dig in and help him pound the anvil to earn the fine?" asked the court with a smile. Mrs. Stadfeldt broke down and wept copiously after which she told the court she felt badly for the whole thing and wished it had not occurred, that she did not realize at the time how serious it was.

Mrs. Ann Stadfeldt said she had to work for her board; Mrs. Walton said she owned her home—but that was all; Mrs. Sable said she owned a cottage and was a widow; Mrs. Raymond had means but she was not present.

The judge then imposed the penalty as above stated and the women left for Volo, a crestfallen quartet.

They will pay their fine within a few days providing the court doesn't take further pity upon them and remit the fine a course which court room attaches would not be surprised at, because the court's eyes were filled with tears as he announced the penalty, showing it was a hard task.

JAN. WEATHER REPORT

Furnished By J. C. James, the Local Weather Man

Jan. 1914—Warmest day 55 on the 29th. Coldest day 1 below on the 12. Average temperature 28.25. Rainfall 2.73. Snowfall 8 1/2 inches.

Jan. 1913—Warmest day 52 on the 7th. Coldest day 8 on the 12. Average temperature 23.77. Rainfall 1.81 inches. Snowfall 11 in.

Jan. 1912—Warmest day 33 on the 2nd. Coldest day 18 below on the 7th. Average temperature 7.16. Rainfall 1/2 inch. Snowfall 6 1/2 inches.

Jan. 1911—Warmest day 46 on the 26th. Coldest day 6 below on the 5th. Average temperature 23.62. Rainfall .08 inches. Snowfall 6 inches.

Jan. 1910—Warmest day 40 on the 26th. Coldest day 19 below on the 7th. Average temperature 19.96. Total rain fall 2.20 inches. Snowfall 10 inches.

Jan. 1909—Warmest day 65 on the 3rd. Coldest day 16 below on the 8th. Average temperature 24.83. Total rainfall 2.20 inches. Snow 6 inches.

Jan. 1908—Warmest day 45 on the 6th. Coldest day 12 below on the 30th. Average temperature 24.72. Rainfall 2.55 inch. Snowfall 11 inches.

Jan. 1907—Warmest day 49 on the 7th. Coldest day 9 below on the 28th. Average temperature 22.50. Total rainfall 3.70 inches. Snowfall 8 1/2 inches.

Jan. 1906—Warmest day 58 on the 20th. Coldest day 3 above on the 8th. Average temperature 30.77. Total rainfall 2.20 inch. Snowfall 1 in.

Jan. 1905—Warmest day 43 on the 1st. Coldest day 12 below on the 14. Average temperature 13.38. Total rainfall 1 inch. Snowfall 10 inches.

Jan. 1904—Warmest day 37 on the 8th. Coldest day 25 below on the 25th. Average temperature 8 above. Rainfall 1/2 inches. Snowfall 5 1/2 inches.

Jan. 1903—Warmest day 46 on the 29. Coldest day 16 below on 12th. Average temperature 15.46. Rainfall 1/2 inches. Snowfall 3 1/2 inches.

Jan. 1902—Warmest day 48 on the 26. Coldest day 9 below on the 5th. Average temperature 26.85. Total rainfall 1.40 inches. Snowfall 1 1/2 inches.

This January had but one clear day, 5 partially cloudy and 25 cloudy days.

CHARLES LAMB IS DEAD AT HOME IN WARREN TOWNSHIP

Charles Lamb, the man after whom "Lamb's Corners" Warren township, were named, died at his home at Lamb's Corners Tuesday morning, at 8:30 o'clock. He was 69 years old and few residents of Warren township were better known than he, for he had lived in the town all his life.

Mr. Lamb was the father of Carl Lamb, head counsel for the Pittsburg Glass Company, with offices at Pittsburg, Pa. The son was here a week ago, called by his father's sickness, but had to return east on business. However, he reached his father's home on Tuesday morning, not long after his father's death, having been summoned a second time by his father's relapse.

For 40 years Mr. Lamb had a "leaky heart" and for several weeks past it had given him trouble which brought on the final end which was marked by gradual weakness.

Mr. Lamb was married twice, his first wife dying about ten years ago. A few years ago he married Mrs. Ellen Patterson who survives him at the Lamb home.

FRANK B. HUBER TAKES CHARGE OF POSTOFFICE

Saturday evening of last week at six o'clock Frank B. Huber entered upon his new duties as postmaster of this village. And at that same time marked the retirement of Daniel A. Williams after a service of sixteen years. Mr. Williams assumed charge of the Antioch postoffice on the 20th day of January 1898 and has held the position continuously every since.

Under his administration many changes have been made toward the betterment of the service and a steady effort was made to keep abreast of the times. Some of the most important steps in the advancement, were the establishing of the rural routes, the placing of the office in a building of ample proportions and the installing of a complete new equipment of fixtures. While, as is only to be expected, errors have from time to time crept in, the service on the whole has been above reproach, and we predict an equal amount of success for Mr. Huber who enters upon his new duties fully qualified to fill the position.

LONG LAKE WILL HAVE HATCHERY

Fish Commission of Illinois Visits Long Lake and Decided it the Best Place

BUILDINGS COST TO \$15,000

Legislature Provided Committee With This Sum to Handle in Erection of Suitable Buildings

Two members of the State Fish and Game Commission visited Long Lake Monday as guests of Representative Thomas Graham and their visit was important because at its conclusion they stated they would recommend that the state fish hatchery be established on Long Lake.

They selected two or three spots upon which they believed would be the proper place to erect the \$15,000 hatchery which the last legislature authorized when it passed a bill providing that sum for expenditure on a hatchery in some spot to be decided upon by the state commission.

The two members who inspected the site were:

B. B. Beiderman, state fish commissioner.

Henry Whitford, state fish culturist. The committee told Mr. Graham that they would recommend Long Lake as the site for the hatchery and that means the site is settled so far as the lake goes, for the bill which Mr. Graham worked hard to get passed by the legislature, gives the committee entire say in the matter.

The erection of the fish hatchery means that all the lake region in Lake and McHenry counties will be supplied with fish from the hatchery and that \$15,000 will be spent next summer in the erection of building in which the fish will be raised and then distributed in all bodies the state commission may designate.

The men named on the commission by Governor Dunn did not lose much time in investigating the site matter, a fact which shows that the executive picked "live wires" to handle this department.

Mr. Graham worked with the committee, pointing out the advantages of the Lake county lake as a site for it and he was rewarded when the committee told him they would recommend the lake as the one on which the hatchery will be erected.

The erection of such a building and all that goes with it, means much for the Long Lake region. This is the lake about which the famous Graham brothers have spent their lives. The Gramhams made Long Lake famous by their wonderful records as marksmen and now they're to have added honors shown the body of water about which they have traveled all these years by seeing the erection of a fine hatchery to be maintained by the state.

Polka Originally Bohemian. The polka came originally from Bohemia, where it has been danced by the peasants from time immemorial. Its introduction into fashionable society was due to Josef Neruda, who saw a girl dancing it one Sunday afternoon in the market place of Elbeletitz, and noted down the melody and steps.

Brotherly Amenities. "We don't have any grass growing on our streets," sneered the New Yorker. "No, I dare say not," replied the Philadelphian. "I suppose your street car horses nibble it off as they browse along."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Her Opportunity. Maid—"I've come to give notice, ma'am." Mistress—"Indeed?" Maid—"And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Jones, across the way." Mistress—"The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman."—New York Globe.

Spain's Peculiar River. Extraordinary qualities are possessed by the River Tinto in Spain. It hardens and petrifies the sand of its bed, and if a stone falls in the stream and alights upon another, in a few months the two join and become one stone. Fish cannot live in its waters.

TWO MEN KILLED BY TRAIN

Section Man and Laborer Meets Death at Barrington, Sunday Evening

Two Northwestern section hands, one a foreman, the other a laborer, were killed two miles north of Barrington in Lake county on the Northwestern tracks Sunday evening at 5:40.

The victims are: Charles Neggatz, aged 45, section foreman, father of three sons and also leaves a widow; was member of M. W. A.

William Busse, aged 52, section laborer, father of four children, also leaves a widow.

The two men, as is their custom each Sunday, were inspecting the tracks lay in their section and they had just left their small car when the fast train of eight coaches, was down upon them and hurled both into the ditch 200 feet away. They were both killed instantly for the train was going at a rapid speed.

The engineer did not notice the men until he was right upon them but brought the train to a halt within 400 feet, backed up and took the bodies to Block's morgue, Barrington. The inquest Monday morning, presided over by Coroner Taylor, resulted in a verdict accidental death, while in the discharge of their duties.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS

Editor News:—

In a recent issue of your paper, Lew Felter tells about seeing a live snake in the fore part of January and last week H. G. Hunter goes him one better by telling of seeing a live snake and a gopher the 19th of January.

We have known of cases where men saw double—two woodchucks on a stump where only one existed.

As this is a prohibition country snakes are not very numerous here in winter, however we think we have both Felter and Hunter "skinned seven ways for Sunday."

On January 20th, we had wood sawers at our place and my wife served pieplant short cake for dessert at dinner, the pieplant being as nice and fresh as it was in the early summer.

Several of our neighbors can vouch for the truth of this statement.

J. J. Burke, Chetek, Wis. January 31, 1914.

ORDERS NEW SEWAGE SYSTEM FOR GRAYSLAKE

The village of Grayslake has been ordered to obtain the services of an engineer to make plans and specifications for a complete sewerage system. The order followed a decision reached at a meeting of members of the state lakes and rivers commission held in the Transportation building.

Recently the commission received complaints that the sewage was being dumped into a small creek. This runs into the lake from which the village takes its name. An investigation showed that the lake had been polluted to such an extent that the fish in it die.

M. O. Houses Know Where to Look For Business

Some time ago a convention of newspaper men was held in Chicago. One of the speakers at this convention was a representative of one of the big mail order houses, and in discussing the great problem of getting business by mail, he said some things that should be of interest to retail merchants in smaller cities and towns.

He said that it is a practice of the mail order houses to obtain copies of country newspapers throughout the territory in which the house wishes to do business. They get these papers because they find that the advertising in the local papers is the very best barometer or gauge of local business conditions that they can get. Where they find that the local dealer is not advertising, or is advertising indifferently, the mail order houses immediately flood that territory with their literature. They do this because they have been practising it for years, and have found that it brings big results.

This man stated further that if the local retail merchants of this country were to study this subject of advertising as the mail order house people study it, the mail order house business would receive a severe setback.—Clipping from Henion & Hubble Bulletin.

Doesn't Want to Know Age. A Moorish woman regards it as a point of honor to be absolutely ignorant of her age.

CAREY IS FOUND GUILTY

Man Who Brought Fluker Girl From Wisconsin to Illinois Found Guilty

WAS TRIED IN MILWAUKEE

Deliberation of Twenty Minutes by Jury Results in Verdict Following Fluker Girl's Testimony

Arthur Carey, Chicago salesman, accused under the Mann white slave act of having brought Laura Fleuker from Wisconsin across the state line to Antioch and later to Waukegan, was found guilty Tuesday in Milwaukee of having taken the girl with him for immoral purposes.

During the Morning session on Tuesday thirty-five prospective jurors were examined before twelve men were chosen. When court was convened at 9 o'clock and the jury filed into the court room. Carey in the custody of three deputy marshals, entered the court room and became the target of fiery glances hurled at him by his wife and three children whom he abandoned, the Fleuker girl whom he was alleged to have betrayed and the parents of the girl. The man hastily sought a seat near his counsel and during the trial of the entire afternoon his gaze was centered upon the witnesses who testified.

The first witnesses called were the parents of the girl. They declared that Carey had come to their home seeking the attentions of the girl. The father of the girl declared that he believed that the man was unmarried, and that when she left the home of her parents in November 1910, he was of the opinion that they had intended to be married. The witness declared that when his daughter left home on Nov. 5, 1910, he had not seen or heard of her until he heard that she and Carey were stopping in Green Bay three years later.

When the girl, Laura Fleuker, was called to the stand, the ripple of whispers among the spectators was so pronounced that the crier of the court had to rap with his gavel for silence in the courtroom. Carey whispered to his attorney as the girl was about to take the stand and appeared uneasy.

As the girl told of the manner in which she met Carey on her way to a church pilgrimage while she was on a train from Silver Lake, Wis., the village in which she was born, and when she described the ingratiating manner in which Carey approached her in the seat of the train, the persons who thronged the courtroom had to be again silenced by the gavel of the crier, in order that the testimony of the girl could be heard. The witness admitted that she was cajoled by the attentions of Carey. She declared that she believed him and after a brief courtship she consented on the promise that he would marry her. The couple traveled from city to city and from state to state for three years until after traversing the states of Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin, they returned to Racine where the father of the girl, learning that she was in that city, and surmising that everything was not right, enlisted the sympathy of the chief of police of that city and went to the hotel where the couple were staying.

It was alleged that Carey made a hasty exit through a window of the hotel.

London's Sewage. London sewage has its main drainage out falls at Barking and Croydon; the average daily quantity dealt with is about 260,000,000 gallons, while the total quantity of sludge collected at Barking and Croydon is more than 2,500,000 tons.

Pisacid Nature. "Did you ever see a smile on the mouth of a river?" asks a contemporary. No, brother, nor a frown on the brow of a hill.

Biblical Hunger Strike. And there was set before him meat to eat; but he said I will not eat until I have accomplished my word.—Genesis xxiv., 33.

LITTLE CACILE WEDDING

Solemnized at Home of Bride's Parents in Grass Lake, Monday

On Monday Feb. 2, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Little of Grass Lake, was solemnized the marriage of their daughter Edna Maira, to Henry D. Cable of Lake Villa.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Stixrud, at high noon, in the presence of about thirty of the nearest relatives of the couple. The bride was attired in a gown of blue silk with white ribbon roses and was accompanied by her sister, Marietta as bridesmaid who was attired in light tan. The groom and the best man, Herbert Trieger of Chicago were attired in the conventional black. At the conclusion of the ceremony and congratulations a bountiful wedding feast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Cable left Tuesday for a couple of weeks stay with relatives at Shellrock, Iowa, after which they will make their future home on the Cable farm at Lake Villa.

The News joins with their friends in wishing them a long life of happiness and prosperity.

HAS NARROW ESCAPE FROM FEROCIOUS BOAR

Andrew Wolf, a farmer living at Sand Lake was goaded by a huge boar which he was delivering Wednesday to John Strang of Stillburn. As a result of the experience, he has a badly crushed leg and is laid up at his home near Lake Villa.

The boar was a vicious brute and Wolf had owned him for some time; he knew his ferocious disposition and himself often warned his men to be careful when about the animal. This week he sold the porker to Mr. Strang, loaded him into a wagon and delivered him to the stock buyer's place in Millburn. It was as he was leading the animal into the pen at the Strang place that Wolf slipped and fell.

Quick as a flash the boar was up on him, goading him with the sharp tusks which hang from his mouth like a wild animal from the forests where boars roam wild. The animal had grabbed him a number of times on the leg before the victim could rise to his feet and with the assistance of Mr. Strang and other men present, beat off the brute which seemed intent on killing his captor.

The animal was finally conquered and put in the pen.

ANNUAL MEETING OF MILK PRODUCERS AT LIBERTYVILLE

The annual meeting of the Lake County Milk Producers Association was held Saturday in the Libertyville town hall, 27 delegates being in attendance, about 100 men in all attending.

These officers were elected: President—C. G. Small, Libertyville. Secretary—N. E. Gatzert, Libertyville.

Delegates to Chicago convention on Feb. 2—John Cadmore, Waukegan; C. G. Small and N. E. Gatzert.

The delegates to the Chicago convention were instructed to vote for Mr. Small Monday for the president of the State Milk Producers' association, for Albert E. Jack of Antioch for secretary of the state association and for A. E. Martin of Antioch for state treasurer.

In short the Lake county convention voted to have its delegates try to land all three offices of the State Milk Producers' association.

Some interesting addresses were made and the meeting proved a very satisfactory one in every respect.

Columbus. Christopher Columbus was not, from all accounts, a Jew. Columbus was an Italian. Among the officers and sailors there was a Jew named Luis de Torres, an Irishman named William Harris, and an Englishman of the name of Arthur Laws, or Larkin. The rank and file of the men were Portuguese, Spaniards and Italians.

Must Be In the Blood. A London cat is said to relish feeds of pastry, chocolate, blackberries, tomatoes, egg shells, and even wood as a variety on the general feline fish and meat diet. But many a landlady has credited her cat with even a more catholic taste when her lodger began to think he missed things.

Making Enamel Paint Work Easily. A few drops of glycerine to a pot of enamel paint will make the paint work easier. A small quantity of grain alcohol is sometimes used to effect the same purpose, and benzine is also excellent.

A Man in the Open

by Roger P. Cook

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father, Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married, she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse. Jesse rescues Kate from her drink-maddened husband who attempts to kill her. Trevor loses his life in the Rapids. Kate rejects offers of grand opera managers to return to the stage and marries Jesse. Their married life starts out happily. Kate returns to the pleadings of a composer to take charge of the opera. Jesse returns to the stage and runs away with her. She rescues Widow O'Flynn from a burning house, is badly burned herself and returns home, where Jesse receives her with open arms. Jesse rescues her from the hands of the bandits. Jesse is captured by the robbers, but by a clever ruse makes prisoners of the robbers. They are turned over to a United States marshal, who arrived with extradition papers. Jesse takes charge of the outlaw chief's son, Billy O'Flynn, having promised the chief to keep him out of his father's profession. He takes Billy to Vancouver and Kate and Jesse and is named David. Jesse rescues a letter from his first wife, Polly, in which she tells him she deceived him the honor of Kate and their son, father to England to live. Four years later Billy O'Flynn arrives and tells Kate how Jesse has been ruined and ostracized through the vindictiveness of Polly.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

How could I leave my baby? How could I possibly break with Covent Garden—where my understudy, a fearful female, ravened for the part? The cottage would never let before our first season. "Madame Scotson has been called abroad on urgent private business."

"Of course," the lad was saying, "when Polly got to be postmistress, she handled Jesse's letters, held the envelopes in the steam of a kettle until they'd open, and gummed them when she was through—it sent them on. She found out who he dealt with and got them warned not to trust him. There's no letters now."

"She wouldn't dare!"

"No. You remember he sent you that book you wrote together at the ranch?"

"You know that!"

"I read it at Spite House. She had a heap of fun in the bar-room with Jesse's letter. Her cat eyes flamed like mad."

"There was no letter."

"She made a paper house of it, and set it alight to show how Jesse burned her home in Abilene. She was drunk, too, that night. But that's nothing. Glad you didn't hear them yarns she put about the country. Jesse wasn't never what I'd call popular, but he ain't even spoken to now by any white man. His riders quit, his Chinamen cleared out. Then she bought Brown's ferry, had the cable cut away, the scow sent adrift, and sure Brown packed off. She'd heard that Jesse lived by his rifle, so she's cut him from his hunting grounds. There's nothing left to hunt east of the Fraser."

"He's starving?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Billy?"

"Yes'm."

"How soon can I get a ship?"

"None before Saturday."

"Go on. Tell me the worst."

"The signs may read coarse weather or typhoon. I dunno which yet. She's been locatin' settlers along them old clearings in the black pine and, judging by samples I'd seen, she swept the hills."

"Why more than one?" I asked, "why all that expense when one would do?"

"Who'd blackmail Polly afterward? She's no fool. She says straight out in public she'd shoot the man who killed him. But them thugs is planted in hungry land, they see his pastures a beat in the district, and you know as well as I do he's a danger to all robbers. Why, even when sportsmen and tourists comes along his old gun gets excited. He hates the sight of strangers, anyway."

"Now, all these years she's goading him to loose out and break the law. That's why she's got the constable protecting her at Spite House. Once who can get him breaking the law she has all them thugs—so many dollars a head—as witnesses. It ain't murder she wants. She says that when she went to his ranch that time Jesse sent her a message by old Matheson, 'I won't let her off with death.'"

"She won't let him off with death. Twice she has put him to shame in public. She'll never rest until she gets him hanged. There's only one thing puzzles me. I see it's his silence, the waiting, which makes Polly wake up and screech at night. But I dunno myself—has Jesse lost his nerve?"

"How do you know all this?"

"She told mother everything."

"And your mother told you. Why?"

"Because—say, mum, you remember the thing your husband called Bull Durham?"

"Brooke?"

"Fancy Brooke, the thing that

Jesse kept like a pet lap-dog. The thing which turned state's evidence to hang my poor old dad. Brooke's come to Spite House as Polly's manager. Yes, now you know why mother's got no more use for Polly—told me I'd best come to you and give you warning. That thing is at Spite House, and mother's gone."

"I see it all now. But one last question. How did you get to England?"

"Do you remember, mum, that my poor dad just thought the world of Jesse?"

"I remember, a legacy for you—some ponies."

"Well, Jesse found out somehow that I was at Spite House. He sent me the value of them ponies, with only a receipt for me to sign. I reckon, mum, that ruined and well-nigh starving, he rode a hundred and sixty miles through the black pines, because he's honest. That's why I spent the money comin' to you. I want to help."

CHAPTER II.

The Impatient Chapter.

This chapter is so difficult to start. It deals with a time when life had become impossible unless one could jump from here to Wednesday next, and thence to Monday fortnight. Of course the book is only meant for Jesse, for David, for me, and for those to come who may reverse us as their ancestors. Thank goodness, I am not a novelist!

I sent David with his nurse to stay with Father Jared, so mother called me a cold-blooded wretch. I abandoned my part at the opera to a weird ravening female who can't sing, so my manager called me an atheist. My maids had to pack and run to escape storage with the furniture at the "Pecking and Tootham Emporium." My little home passed to a gentleman with mourning nails, diamonds, and a lip; by bits and scraps of stock were sold and the proceeds banked with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The keenest pleasure which ever money gave me came when Billy and I helped in the drafting of a cable order from the Hudson's Bay Company in London to that bland magnifico who manages their branch palace at Vancouver. One always feels that if it happened to want a Paris hat, a bag of nuts, and a monkey, this Vancouver potentate would make a parcel of them without the slightest fear of their getting mixed. As to surprising the company, one might as well tickle the Alps. So here is the telegram:

"Provide three sleighs, each with two horses; engage two reliable bush teamsters; six months' guaranteed bonus for secrecy and fidelity."

"Referring to previous requirements of Jesse Smith, load No. 1 sleigh to capacity with provisions, luxuries, ammunition, books, consigned to him via bush trail from 59 Mile House, Cariboo Road. Referring to Captain Taylor's past requirements and present

slickness, load No. 2 sleigh with stores invalid comforts, consigned 100 Mile House. Each driver to present load, rig and team, with personal services, and to forward consignee's receipt."

"Hire third sleigh with team one month, furnish furs on approval, travel and residence of a lady. Place in charge of young competent civil engineer, bringing instruments and assistant to report to Madame Scotson, arriving Ashcroft Pacific Limited 20 inst."

"Absolute secrecy required. Charge Scotson."

So far the impulse had moved me to be quick before I repented, and the journey gave time for that. Leaving the sweet majesty and serene order of the English landscape, I made the usual passage by S. S. Charon across the Styx to New York, where I caught a stuffy train for the transit of an untidy continent. And so, in the starry middle of a night, I was met at Ashcroft.

The civil engineer sent by the Hud-

son's Bay Company was Mr. Sacrifice T. Eure. He stood uncovered, and while his ears froze, spelled his name to me, explaining that there were two syllables in "Eure" with accent on the first. He seemed to convey an offer of protection, to claim my friendship, to take charge of my affairs, and with perfect modesty to let me know that he was competent.

He presented his assistant, led me to the sleigh, showed Billy where to stow the luggage, tucked me into some warm furs, congratulated me on escaping the local hotels, then bidding my man and his own to jump in, took the reins and asked which way we were going. I served as pilot along a trail of poignant memories.

We slept that night at Hat Creek station, where Tearful George proved a most kindly host. He told me of a loaded sleigh which had passed last week on the way to Jesse's ranch. The teamster was Iron Dale. So far I had wondered whether my name was changing letter by letter from Madame Scotson into Mrs. Grumble, but now the scent of the pines brought ease of mind, and in the great calm of the wilderness one is ashamed to fret.

Our next march brought us rather late for the midday dinner to Fifty-Nine Mile House, which marks the summit of the long climb from Ashcroft to the edge of the black pines. We drove on, freezing, and right glad I was to be welcomed with all the ruddy warmth and kindly cheer of Eighty Mile House. There we had tea, and secured fresh horses for the last stage of our journey. I learned also that the driver entrusted by the Hudson's Bay Company with provisions for Hundred Mile House had gone off with the team, leaving his sleigh still loaded in Captain Taylor's yard.

The malign bush seemed cowed by sheer immensity of glittering starlight as we drove on. Only once I ventured to speak, asking Mr. Eure to look out for "Ninety-Mile House. Horses accustomed to bait there would try to stop. I did not want to stop. He nodded assent, and crouched down beside him, I waited until a brave red warmth shone out across the snow from all the lighted windows of Spite House. Mr. Eure lashed his horses, and in a moment more we had passed into the night again. Presently we crossed the little shaky bridge over Hundred Mile Creek, then swung to the left into Captain Taylor's yard. While Tom, the assistant, stabled the team, Mr. Eure and Billy got snow shovels from the barn, and hewed out a way to the deep drifted door at the near end of the building. Presently the Chinese servant let us in, and I made my way through the barroom and dining-hall to that far door on the right. How changed was the grand old Hundred since days, only five years ago, of pompous assizes, banquets, dances, when these rooms overflowed with light, warmth, and comfort, now dark, in Arctic cold, in haunted silence! I crept into the captain's room, where, in an arm-chair beside the stove, the old man lay. I knelt beside him, taking his dreadfully swollen hand.

"Dear wife," he muttered, whose wife must have been dead full forty years, "this hulk is going to be laid up soon, in Rotten Row. Can't all of us founder in action?"

I ran away. But there was much to be done, fires, lights, supper, beds, and the unloading of the sleigh full of hospital comforts, which would set my patient a great deal more at ease.

When I left my patient, very late that night, supposing all lucky people to be in bed, I found Mr. Eure making himself some tea. Gladly I joined him beside the kitchen stove, ever so pleased with its warmth and the tea, for I was weary past all hope of any sleep. Besides, the poor man was just dying with curiosity as to our journey and his engagement as my engineer. So, for that one and only time I told the story of Jesse's fate, and mine.

And then I tried to explain the scheme which needed his services as an engineer.

"Let's see," he checked my rambling statement. "Try if I've got all that correct. This Cariboo wagon road runs from Ashcroft to Quesnelle, due north, except at one point where the government wouldn't pay for a bridge across the Hundred Mile gorge."

"So at the ninety-five mile post the road swings eastward five miles, passing Spite House to the head of the gorge, where it crosses Hundred Mile Creek, right here."

"From here the road turns west again on the north side of the gorge, and after one mile on the level, drops down the Hundred Mile Hill, which is three miles high, and a terror to navigation."

"At the bottom the road turns north again for Quesnelle, at a cabin called the One Hundred and Four where old Pete Matheson lives, a hairy little person, like a Skye terrier with a faithful heart."

"And said Matheson has blazed a cut-off, crossing the foot of the gorge, then climbing by an easy grade to the ninety-five-mile post. The said cut-

off is five miles long. Made into a wagon road, it would give a better gradient for traffic, save four miles, employ local labor at a season when money is scant, and be an all-round blessing to mankind. At the foot of the gorge we'd locate the new Hundred Mile House."

"Incidentally, Spite House would be side-tracked, left in the hungry woods four miles from nowhere."

"Tell me," I urged, "what you think."

"My dear madam, when I've made a survey you shall have dates and figures for a temporary snow road, a permanent way, and a house."

"It can be done?"

"Why, certainly."

"You approve?"

"Yes. I see dollars in this, for me."

"You think I'm foolish?"

"It will be an excellent road."

"But the result?"

"Please don't blame the engineer."

"Oh, tell me what you think, as a man."

"Well, let's pretend I'm Polly."

I laughed.

"Being Polly, and from my Polly point of view, frankly, I'm pleased. Here are hundreds of new customers, with Madame Scotson's money to spend at Spite House."

"My men will sign an agreement. The man who visits Spite House for felts a bonus for good service, loses all outstanding pay, and leaves my camp that day."

"Is that so? Of course the coaches change horses at Spite House."

"When I've bought out the stage company, they'll change horses at the New Hundred."

"And only stop at Spite House for the mails?"

"I shall appeal to the postmaster-general."

"On the ground that you're running a rival house? Captain Taylor, you say, did that?"

"My house shall charge nothing. It shall be free, and the visitors my guests."

"Then, in my little Polly way, I'm afraid I'll have to move Spite House down to the new road."

"On to my land?"

"Your cruelty reduces me to tears. I am a martyr. I appeal to the chivalrous public to boycott that new road."

"When I've brought money into the country? Oh, you don't know this hungry neighborhood!"

"Mercy! My client's done for. I'm Madame Scotson's managing engineer. May I ask a plain question?"

"Certainly."

"Is there water-power in this gulch?"

"There's a lovely waterfall."

"I'll look around tomorrow."

And then came Mr. Eure's confession. The assistant, not himself, was a surveyor. "I'm only a paper-maker. I'm looking for cheap timber, good snow for haulage, water-power to mill the lumber into paper-pulp, and a road to market. I've been traveling some months now in search of that combination, and if your lovely waterfall will give me five thousand horse-power, I shall have to build your cut-off road for myself, also the house. Then there'll be war against these black pines, your enemies. As to Spite House, it seems hardly the kind of thing for you to deal with. Perhaps you'll leave that to me."

CHAPTER III.

Rescue.

Jesse's Letter.

Mother in Heaven:

Please thank God for me and say I'm grateful. Tell the neighbor angels how little mothers having sons on earth are badly missed and grudging you'll leave that to me."

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by hungering mortals. Prayers sent to Heaven are answered, but not letters. I reckon no one here could ever write a letter happy enough, so light with joy that it could fly up there.

In the days when I thought this Jesse person was important, I used to read the Old Testament, which is full human with pride and arrogance of man. But since I learned that this whole world is only a dream from which we shall awake, the New Testament has been my pasturage. Maybe three moons ago, when my ammunition had run out, and my neighbor animals had learned all the little secrets of my traps and snares, and I wondered what God was going to do about it. Of course I couldn't question about His business, but seeing that likely He intended me to leave my little worries behind, I made a good fire in the cabin, lay down in the bunk, arranged my body to be in decent order in case I left it, and took my Bible to pass away the time.

I suppose I'd dropped off to sleep, when something rough began to happen, jolting me back into the world of fuss. A man in buckskin shirt and a bad temper, stamping the snow off his moccasins, shaking me by the arm. He was my old friend Iron Dale, a man of the world—which smashed him.

He seemed to be worried, and that, of course, was natural to a man like Iron, lusty and eager, with an appetite for money—whereas poor Polly had done her best to cure him of his dollars.

Here was Iron jumping about the cabin, busy as a chipmunk, with just the same hurried, funny way of blaspheming. He had to make fire, cook soup, and haul things in from out doors, while he told me news about a team, a sleigh, a load of stores for me, and his own services paid up six months ahead if I'd let him work on the ranch. He was like a little boy which plays at keeping store, where you've got to pretend to trade, with nary a smile, lest he should see and the whole game turn unreal. So I sat up for soup, which made my loose skin fit me again as I filled. I'd answer to all he dtd, grave as a constable, playing the game of life just as I used to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEPING THE BOYS STRAIGHT

Father Recognized Force of Appeal to Manliness, and It Has Worked Well.

Several gray-haired business men were recently chatting over their cigars.

"This talk about mother and the boys is all very well," said one. "But father comes in strong, too. My father devoted one minute a day to us boys that did more at that age to keep us straight than all the little mother's admonitions. She was a sweet unworried little person and we adored her and revered her teachings. However, she never could think of us as anything but her little boys, and as we grew taller and more worldly we acquired the usual boyish sense of exalted importance and might have been led to secretly patronize her strict goodness as a little old-fashioned, except for father."

"Father saw the force of appealing to us as man to man, long before there was much man in us, I guess. Every night at dinner, I can see him yet, after the blessing, with his carving knife and fork poised over the roast, pause and look us straight in the eyes."

"Well, boys, how goes the world?"

"And you better believe the thought of that moment steadied us often during the day. We had to keep pretty straight to be able to return that clear look and answer."

"O. K., Dad."

What Angered Mother.

A group of newspaper men were visiting the Washington park zoo the other day to see the new hippo. The hippo, who has been christened "Rin the Hippo," was stretching lazily in the sun, when a little girl and her mother approached.

"Look at the d—n lazy thing," cried the girl, excitedly raising her hand and pointing at the resting animal.

"Didn't I tell you never to point at things," cried the mother angrily, at the same time striking down the little girl's arm.

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SHIP SINKS WITH 41.

LINER MONROE AND STEAMER NANTUCKET IN COLLISION NEAR NORFOLK, VA.

NINETY-NINE ARE RESCUED

Survivors of Fatal Accident Arrive in Port and Describe Scenes Following Crash During Fog—Many Were Asleep in Berths.

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 2.—Carrying 99 survivors of the Old Dominion liner Monroe, and the death toll of 41 more, the Merchants & Miners' steamship Nantucket came into port on Friday. The 99 survivors brought a story of suffering and sudden death from the sea.

The dead—Bolen, M., New York; Bolton, Mrs. W. L., Newark, N. J.; Budwig, H., New York; Clausen, W. C., Milwaukee; Curtis, Le Grande B., first lieutenant Second Coast artillery, Watervliet Arsenal, New York; Davis, F. C., Brooklyn; Edwards, J., United States navy; Gorman, Ed., Philadelphia; Gibson, Mrs. D., New York; Gilbert, J., New York; Harrington, Mrs. Thomas R., died after rescue; Haskell, J., Cortlandt, N. Y.; Hamburger, E., New York; Haviland, Miss, Marcara Theatre company; Ingram, Mr., Sumter, S. C.; Jelliff, Mr., Marcara Theatre company; Lewis, Mr., Marcara Theatre company; Mario, Mr., Marcara Theatre company; Okamoto, J., Japanese; Poole, C. W., and wife, Gray, Va.; Popa, O., New York; Ray, J. F., and wife, New York; Seville, Miss, Marcara Theatre company; Smith, Zack C., New York; Snyder, Miss, New York; Tillett, Mr., Marcara Theatre company; Ver non, Mr., Marcara Theatre company; Wagner, O., United States Marine corps; Williams, G., New York; Wilson, L., New York.

With a heavy canvas covering her crumpled bow and with a partially shifted cargo causing a list to starboard, the Nantucket docked while several thousand people waited for the survivors. Many of the rescued stood upon the deck wrapped in blankets. There were two dead among the saved. The bodies were those of Mrs. Thomas Harrington, daughter of J. Kelly, 55 Stevens street, Norwalk, Conn., and Lieut. Le Grand B. Curtis of the Second Coast artillery.

Thomas Harrington of Bridgeport, Conn., husband of the dead woman, told a thrilling story of the wreck. Harrington and his wife were long in the water and the man was swimming with his wife's hair between his teeth when the two were picked up. Mrs. Harrington died from exhaustion after being hauled aboard the Nantucket.

P. Lyons was among the first of the passengers to come off the Nantucket. He gave a graphic description of the collision and the events that followed. "It was about 1:30 o'clock," said Lyons, "and very foggy. I had undressed, but had not gone to bed. The foghorn was blowing every minute. Suddenly it blew twice and repeated the double blast twice. Then, almost like putting on the brakes, the Monroe stopped, and I knew there was something the matter. Rushing on deck, I saw somebody getting ready to put a lifeboat over. I asked him if there was any danger, he replied that he didn't know, but wanted to be ready."

"Almost before the words left his mouth, the Nantucket struck us near the bow on the port side. I ran downstairs and tried to dress, but the ship was listing so that I could not stand up, so I hurried back up. There were very few passengers on deck and one boat was overboard. As it pushed away, Captain Johnson told me to jump in, as there was room for one more. I had to jump to make it and I left Captain Johnson standing on the deck of the ship. The boat went back and he got in. The Monroe went down easily, and was below the water within twelve minutes after the collision."

"There were many people who must have been caught in their state-rooms," continued Lyons.

"The Nantucket stood by us and those of us who could climbed up her rope ladder. Those who were not able to follow us were lifted with ropes placed under their arms."

Captain Johnson of the sunken Monroe and all his officers but one were among the saved. The lost officer was Second Officer Gately.

Among the passengers on the Monroe was James O'Connell, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. He was saved.

While the Nantucket backed off, lowered boats and began sweeping the misty sea with her searchlights, the Monroe, her passengers pitched out of berths in nightclothes, sank like a plummet. In the swirling vortex of the sinking ship men shouted and women screamed through the mist. The Monroe went down so quickly there was little time for launching boats, and it is believed the only ones saved were those picked up at once by the Nantucket.

Wabash Sale Ordered.

St. Louis, Feb. 2.—U. S. Circuit Judge E. B. Adams ordered the Wabash railroad to be sold under the foreclosure mortgage held by the Equitable Trust Company of New York. The minimum sale price is \$434,000.

Blind Boy at Head of Class.

New York, Feb. 2.—William R. Schenck, a blind boy, eighteen years old, was graduated from the De Witt Clinton High school at the head of a class of 145 boys. Young Schenck won his honors by hard work.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1914

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS AT THE CITY SHOE STORE

Standing of the contestants for the piano, sewing machine, gold watch and toilet set for the week ending, January 26, is as follows:

Contestant's Number.	Votes	Contestant's Number.	Votes
1.....35000	92.....116950	10.....314335	93.....11325
2.....341435	94.....49965	11.....428205	102.....13350
3.....6000	95.....13985	12.....893190	103.....14625
4.....24270	96.....10250	13.....9000	104.....12325
5.....1028725	97.....10525	14.....11000	105.....10675
6.....16185	98.....10025	15.....39000	106.....11950
7.....8450	99.....4963900	16.....10000	107.....11825
8.....440235	100.....12275	17.....13000	108.....12525
9.....17750	101.....12450	18.....39035	109.....13125
10.....314500	102.....13350	19.....10000	110.....13150
11.....428205	103.....14625	20.....11000	111.....10275
12.....893190	104.....12325	21.....38250	112.....11775
13.....9000	105.....10675	22.....26010	113.....132150
14.....11000	106.....11950	23.....148205	114.....9975
15.....39000	107.....11825	24.....11850	115.....13725
16.....10000	108.....12525	25.....31025	116.....13895
17.....13000	109.....13125	26.....9150	117.....9815
18.....39035	110.....13150	27.....35605	118.....10015
19.....10000	111.....10275	28.....11550	119.....13000
20.....11000	112.....11775	29.....12000	120.....12950
21.....38250	113.....132150	30.....23640755	121.....11775
22.....26010	114.....9975	31.....7000	122.....12200
23.....148205	115.....13725	32.....12200	123.....12625
24.....11850	116.....13895	33.....15000	124.....13495
25.....31025	117.....9815	34.....12500	125.....9500
26.....9150	118.....10015	35.....13900	126.....9825
27.....35605	119.....13000	36.....17000	127.....10625
28.....11550	120.....12950	37.....10250	128.....7275
29.....12000	121.....11775	38.....13000	129.....11225
30.....23640755	122.....12200	39.....14200	130.....13250
31.....7000	123.....12625	40.....13850	131.....14125
32.....12200	124.....13495	41.....16000	132.....12125
33.....15000	125.....9500	42.....92840	133.....13425
34.....12500	126.....9825	43.....10000	134.....10875
35.....13900	127.....10625	44.....35565	135.....11495
36.....17000	128.....7275	45.....33600	136.....10370
37.....10250	129.....11225	46.....12445	137.....14835
38.....13000	130.....13250	47.....14825	138.....10660
39.....14200	131.....14125	48.....14750	139.....1713700
40.....13850	132.....12125	49.....67205	140.....15125
41.....16000	133.....13425	50.....14250	141.....11475
42.....92840	134.....10875	51.....25035	142.....11375
43.....10000	135.....11495	52.....14250	143.....10875
44.....35565	136.....10370	53.....10850	144.....13250
45.....33600	137.....14835	54.....12000	145.....2304250
46.....12445	138.....10660	55.....16595	146.....11075
47.....14825	139.....1713700	56.....19100	147.....12125
48.....14750	140.....15125	57.....33220	148.....10875
49.....67205	141.....11475	58.....154235	149.....10775
50.....14250	142.....11375	59.....17550	150.....13425
51.....25035	143.....10875	60.....138630	151.....13275
52.....14250	144.....13250	61.....15975	152.....13530
53.....10850	145.....2304250	62.....15000	153.....18825
54.....12000	146.....11075	63.....16575	154.....10575
55.....16595	147.....12125	64.....15525	155.....13125
56.....19100	148.....10875	65.....13350	156.....22204105
57.....33220	149.....10775	66.....46135	157.....10275
58.....154235	150.....13425	67.....15000	158.....13125
59.....17550	151.....13275	68.....15225	159.....12735
60.....138630	152.....13530	69.....11785	160.....12825
61.....15975	153.....18825	70.....12700	161.....2000
62.....15000	154.....10575	71.....16000	162.....1325
63.....16575	155.....13125	72.....35650	163.....48000
64.....15525	156.....22204105	73.....5000	164.....13250
65.....13350	157.....10275	74.....15560	165.....10035
66.....46135	158.....13125	75.....13050	166.....12100
67.....15000	159.....12735	76.....143850	167.....13720
68.....15225	160.....12825	77.....14475	168.....21249890
69.....11785	161.....2000	78.....14750	169.....13125
70.....12700	162.....1325	79.....14950	170.....13175
71.....16000	163.....48000	80.....13725	171.....11525
72.....35650	164.....13250	81.....13450	172.....11925
73.....5000	165.....10035	82.....10725	173.....11575
74.....15560	166.....12100	83.....10950	174.....20629355
75.....13050	167.....13720	84.....11825	175.....10480
76.....143850	168.....21249890	85.....442630	176.....10575
77.....14475	169.....13125	86.....11725	177.....11475
78.....14750	170.....13175	87.....15225	178.....15125
79.....14950	171.....11525	88.....13925	179.....11078765
80.....13725	172.....11925	89.....11425	180.....14335
81.....13450	173.....11575	90.....31845	181.....58725
82.....10725	174.....20629355	91.....11625	
83.....10950	175.....10480		
84.....11825	176.....10575		
85.....442630	177.....11475		
86.....11725	178.....15125		
87.....15225	179.....11078765		
88.....13925	180.....14335		
89.....11425	181.....58725		
90.....31845			
91.....11625			

Good Position.
"What does your father do for a living?" asked one little girl. "Why," replied the other, "he takes up the collections in church."



Neatly Countered.
The action at law came up in London. The lawyer was Scotch and the judge was English. The case in argument concerned certain water rights, and the lawyer had frequently to use the word "water," which he pronounced very broad. "Mr. Macpherson," at last interrupted the judge, "do you spell water with two t's in your country?" "Na, na, my lord," quickly retorted the lawyer, "but we spell manners w' t'wa n's!"

Reasons and Women.
"When a woman can give a reason for disliking a man, she hasn't any. If her dislike comes just because she has no reason there's generally good ground for it."—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Why So Much Milk is Unsatisfactory

In the Scientific American supplement January 3, 1914, is a most excellent article on the pure milk problem by J. R. Williams, M. D. "The problem of pure milk is only partly solved with the introduction of clean milk in to the home. The cleanest and purest milk may soon become foul if adequate means are not used for its preservation. During the warm months of the year milk is delivered in the early morning on an average of three hours before the family is awake. When no box is provided it must be deposited on the door-step where it is exposed to the heat, dust and attentions of the domestic animals of the neighborhood. In an investigation of 604 homes examined only 11 had milk boxes. Over 5,000 homes were examined and he says: "It is probably within the truth to say that half the homes in the city rely the entire year on the cellar or pantry for food preservation and that more than three quarters of the city homes deny themselves the use of ice excepting for a few weeks in midsummer."

Not one cellar was found having a temperature below 55, while nearly all of them were above 60 degrees. The few who used refrigerators had cheap and inefficient boxes with rare exceptions. Of the 243 refrigerators studied 103 held a temperature below 50, while 140 were above 50 degrees. Besides many refrigerators are unclean, damp and unsanitary. Many of the cheap refrigerators in common use were found coated on the inner side of the inside wall with slime and mineral salts resulting from metallic corrosion.

Indeed what! Here is an M. D. before the American Medical Association telling of the conditions as actually found in a large eastern city. Yet the health authorities there spent thousands of dollars to harass the farmers with impractical and impossible regulations in milk production. A so-called sanitary official from the city stands over every dairyman with his club to test for this or test for that, count the microbes, register the temperature, measure the distance to the manure heap, count the cobwebs and secure material for "cultures." Then more rules and regulations come that he may promulgate with all the pompousity of a monarch. (There are noble exceptions.) What you think of it? In one of the largest eastern cities in the year of our Lord 1913 a rule went forth that all milk entering that territory must be 55 or below, with the result that carloads of excellent milk went into the sewer for the sole reason that it was above 55 degrees temperature when it arrived. At the same time in the same city the milk was set on the door step to warm up to 65 or more, where all the cur dogs had access to it, and when it was at last taken out of the hot street it was put into a doubtful cellar or pantry with a temperature above 60 or into a foul slimy refrigerator above 50 degrees. Must the rural boards of health send their officials to the city and lord it over them as they try to do unto us or may the time come when they will remove the beam at home before they hunt for the mote in the country?

AS IT IS TODAY

Do you know The Youth's Companion as it is today—enlarged, improved, broadened in its reach of human interests? You may remember it as it was. You ought to remember it as it is now. You will be surprised at what a year's reading of The Companion will do for your family. No American monthly magazine offers such a quantity of reading, and it comes weekly, too.

Father can find no better editorial page published, with its impartial comment, its nature and science, it will keep a busy man well informed. The family page, the boys' page, the girls' page, the children's page, in addition to eight serial stories, and 250 other stories for all the family, suggest the lavish promise for a year's reading, and every line is published with a purpose. No other American periodical covers the same field of interest or offers such a quantity of reading at as low cost. No other publication furnishes more inspiration or entertainment or enjoys greater confidence.

If you are not familiar with The Companion, let us send you three current issues free, that you may thoroughly test the paper's quality.

The Youth's Companion,
144 Berkeley st., Boston, Mass.

MR. BENSON'S DIPLOMACY

By JULIE LINDQUIST.

Mrs. J. Perkins Benson knew precisely what she wanted and usually managed to get it. J. Perkins Benson was of like mind. So when Benson met Benson the tug of war was on. Mrs. Benson was large, capable and in perfect health. J. Perkins was healthy enough, but he had nothing to boast of in the matter of size. Both had determination to a positively painful degree.

Benson had to leave the house rather early to get to the office on time. Only after prolonged argument had he managed to convince Mrs. Benson of the many benefits to be gained by a residence so far from town, and even after he had finished his argument she did not seem more than half convinced. However, Mrs. Benson found no difficulty in remembering most of the things her husband had said upon that occasion. She frequently took pains to recall to his mind some of his promises, and between times she asserted over and over again that she would never, under any conditions, agree to fix the furnace fire. "You'll just have to get up a little bit earlier," she concluded, calmly.

Benson felt that he ought not to be expected to fix the furnace fire when he hardly had time to catch his train, but no amount of argument and cajolery could influence Mrs. Benson. So Benson decided to try something else.

One cold morning he got out of bed at the usual time, but arrived at the railroad station five minutes earlier than usual. This was because he had walked gayly out of his own front door without having gone to the basement at all that morning. And as he tripped down the front steps he had called lightly back over his shoulder: "Oh, by the way, Myra, I forgot to fix the furnace. If you don't want to freeze you'll have to break your rule for once."

When Benson arrived at the office he was whistling and he seemed so excessively cheerful that Simpson, his office neighbor, went over to inquire: "What's up, Perk? Get a raise?"

Benson did a dance step or two. "Away, away, base variety!" he replied, blithely. "Away and serve, if you will, the woman who is both your wife and your ruler. As for me, I bow to the dictates of no female! I—" He paused to clap Simpson on the back heavily. "I shook off the chains of slavery this morning, tra la, tra la. I defer my wife on my own floor, and she has to fix the furnace fire every morning from now on."

Simpson seemed impressed. "I wish I had your nerve," he said, "but it wouldn't do me any good to try a stunt like that with my wife. Not so that you could notice it!" He went back to his own desk wondering if Benson had won out as easily as he supposed.

When Benson reached home that evening he found the dinner awaiting him as usual, and it was a good dinner. But his wife was getting it ready in her winter wraps—she had on her heavy cloak and a scarf was wound round her head and throat. She wore a pair of kid gloves when she sat down at the table. The house was as cold as the grave. Benson sat down opposite his wife and tried to eat. But he was ashamed to put on his overcoat and it was altogether too cold to enjoy the dinner in any other garb. So he hurried over his favorite dishes, then got up and began to pace the floor. Mrs. Benson did not offer any comment. She sat perfectly quiet and her conduct was as chilly as the house.

Next morning Benson was an hour late at the office. As he went to his desk after hanging up his hat and coat Simpson got up and went to meet him. It was evident that Simpson had been thinking over the conversation of yesterday and had come for more details.

"Well," he began, "fire going this morning, Perk? And did it take you an hour to persuade her to fix it?" Benson looked not in the least embarrassed. "You mean did I fix the fire?" he retorted. "I told you, didn't I, that I meant to fix that fire no more? Well, all I've got to say is that I did not fix it!"

"Wife fix it?" persisted Simpson. "And is she going to fix it every morning after this?"

"Not exactly," replied Benson. "We compromised?" questioned Simpson, grinning. "How on earth did you—"

"Oh, I suppose I might as well tell you now as any time. I had to use diplomacy, that's all. It was the only way in which we could both retain our dignity—and I had to allow as much as that, didn't I?"

"That doesn't answer my question," persisted Simpson. "Come across, now. How did you settle it?" "Easiest thing in the world," explained Benson, waving his hand airily. "I went this morning and rented a steam-heated flat here in town. That's what made me late."

Broad Adverb Title Contested.
Eleanor Hollowell Abbott, holder of the standing broad adverb championship, may lose her title. On page 55 of "John Ward, M. D.," by Charles Yale, one jumps this: "Lambly, he withdrew." At first we thought it was Wall street slang for getting out of the market left of capital. But it isn't. It means lambly, just as cowlly, sheeply or armadilloly might mean those things.

JARRING NOTE IN PROGRESS

With Advancement in Medical Science Has Come the Passing of the Family Physician.

Specialization, which is a sign of the times, threatens some old customs. Among the most significant changes of today is the lessening field of the family doctor. To him, as immortalized by Balzac, were confided the secrets, hopes and woes of many a household.

Modern medicine with its many branches, its specialties and sub-specialties, has perceptibly reduced the scope of operation of this old stand-by. Each ailment now suggests its own specialist. One might almost divide life into the "seven ages of medical treatment," from the obstetrician at birth, the pediatricist of early infancy, the orthopedic surgeon to correct the natural deformities of childhood, the oculist to prescribe the glasses of adolescence, the surgeon for the traumas of manhood, the metabolist for the digestive troubles of middle life, the aurist for the deafness of old age.

And though the change brings with it a higher degree of efficiency, there is much to regret in the loss of continuity of the friendship and counsel of the family doctor. His interest in the patient was personal. He knew the physical weaknesses, as well as the disposition of each member of the family. He had followed them from birth. He was more than a physician. He was a guide, philosopher and friend.

THOUGHT ONLY OF ARTHUR

Telegraph Clerk Amounted to Nothing When Sweet Innocence Was Sending a Message.

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter. The clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as he came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bauble. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Arthur ever so much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like it I will put a few drops of violet extract on the telegram at the same rates."

"Oh, thank you, sir! You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office. You are so obliging."

And the smile she gave him would have done any one good with the possible exception of Arthur.

Radium in the Arts.

While the most important use of radium is undoubtedly that of a curative agent for cancer and skin diseases, it is also of great value in other ways. A disk carrying a minute quantity of radium is attached to a special voltmeter and used for measuring at a distance the electric potential of a conductor, which it does at a distance of 50 centimeters in the case of a current of not more than 300 volts and at a distance of three meters in high voltage.

Another use is the prevention of the electrification of machines and fibers in the textile industry, especially in silk mills. This is effected by dipping the textile into a bath containing a very small quantity of radium and by applying radio-active matter to the cylinders.

Besides these applications, radium is incorporated in manures, to which it gives a highly stimulating effect upon vegetation.

Eat Honey.

"Feed that child honey; it is the best thing to stop his cold," said a matronly woman to a young woman, whose little girl was coughing violently. Honey is the extracted sweet of flowers obtained by bees during the busy summer for their own sustenance during the winter. It is, to a certain extent, a natural food for mankind, since a wild honey tree is considered a great find among all nations. If more people would eat honey, there would be fewer colds. There is something about it that seems strengthening to the lungs. One must use care in eating honey; however, for sometimes bees sip from poisonous although fragrant beautiful flowers, and the honey has been known to cause illness. Indeed, there are some people who cannot eat honey without ill results. But for those who can, it is a grateful appetizing and healthy food.

Seizing Opportunity.
"How did you come to marry the lady who is now your wife?"

"It was very romantic. We were out skating. She went to a place where the ice was thin and broke in. I rescued her after a terrible struggle. Poor girl, she was nearly frozen before we got home, but I proposed to her on the way."

"For heaven's sake! Do you mean to say that you made a declaration of love to a girl who was soaked and icy and uncomfortable? You had your nerve, I must say!"

"Maybe, but there's nothing like striking while the iron is hot!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LUCK THAT COULD NOT LAST

Fickle Goddess Had Smiled on Scribbler, But Day of Reckoning Was Sure as the Breaking Morn.

With the rent six weeks in arrears Scribbler sat trembling lest the landlady should hear the beating of his heart and call for a reckoning. Presently there reached his ears the sound of fierce words, as of two striving together in deadly argument. Scribbler became aware that Mr. and Mrs. Slumpkins were engaged in unraveling one of their domestic tangles.

At length there came a light tap on the door.

Scribbler looked toward the window as a possible avenue of escape. However, before he could make up his mind to try the rainspout route the door opened cautiously, and first Slumpkins' bald head appeared and then the rest of him crept slowly in.

In a whisper he advised Scribbler not to pay Mrs. Slumpkins, inasmuch as she was not the head of the house. Scribbler acquiesced and Slumpkins disappeared.

A little later another rap on the door, this time more insistent, caused Scribbler to look up. It was Mrs. Slumpkins.

"Say, don't pay my old man any money, Mr. Scribbler. He won't do nothing but drink it up. This morning I had to let him know who runs this house. We ain't speaking to each other now."

Again Scribbler acquiesced.

That was six months ago. They haven't spoken to each other yet, and Scribbler goes on his way rejoicing.

Puzzle question: What will be the first question they ask when they start speaking again?—Satire.

MUST HAVE FAITH IN WORK

"Mental Pepper" as Necessary as the Condiment Used to Give Spice to the Everyday Foods.

"Since pepper gives spice to most everything in the gastronomic line, isn't it reasonable to suppose that a little cayenne injected into everyday business life will have the same effect?" asks an employer of much labor. "This all means that enthusiasm is the great thing that makes for success. Without it, no man ever got far along the financial pathway to a competency."

"A salesman can go out single-handed and overcome the greatest obstacles if he has the 'pepper.' If his enthusiasm is sufficient and his belief strong enough in his brand of goods, he can overcome the most deep-rooted prejudice and build up a market for his wares that will remain indefinitely."

"All it takes is enthusiasm, and that is gained by constant work and an interest in your business. If you're a whole-souled like for the commodities you are selling your success is assured."

"Devilish Dances" a Century Old.

Whatever may be said against the tango, in the matter of nomenclature, at all events, it compares favorably with some dances in vogue a hundred years ago. Harriet Beecher Stowe records that in her girlhood she and her friends used to dance a jig entitled, "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself." This dance must have enjoyed a long spell of popularity.

The first Duke of Buckingham was highly indignant when, having declined to attend an assembly ball at Alresford, his request for a dance, addressed to a local rector's wife, met with the reply: "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself!" He complained to the rector, and it then transpired that the lady, who was somewhat deaf, thought his grace had asked her what dance was then being played. This incident occurred in 1795, and twenty years later Brabbe, in his "Tales," alludes to a bookseller for stocking the music of a dance

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Jan. 26.—The committee declared butter at 26 1/2.

Oil Meal at Hunt's. adv
Mrs. Arthur Elgar spent last Friday in Chicago.

Harry Tiffany of Chicago spent Sunday with Antioch friends.

Orville Harrower of Evanston spent Sunday at the home of his parents here.

Money back if Dr. Hesses Stock food doesn't do the business, Chase Webb. Adv.

Alvin Vickers of Chetek, Wis., was here this week looking up prospective land buyers.

Did the groundhog see his shadow Monday? It all depends upon the time of the day he made his inspection.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dales of Tonic, Ill., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Grice the first of the week.

For Sale—Six new milch cows young and in good condition. E. E. Fields, on the Ed Fox place north-east of Antioch. 1w adv

Meeting of the W. C. T. U., next Wednesday afternoon, February 11, at the M. E. church. All the ladies of Antioch are invited to be present.

The last reports from Mrs. James Barnstable are to the effect that she is slowly recovering from her recent injury and that at present she is able to walk about a little.

If you have any old clothes you can spare, send them to the Methodist Parsonage, a barrel will be sent in a few days to help the poor in Chicago.

Collector W. T. Taylor received the tax books on Monday and will be ready to receive taxes the first of next week. The total amount for Antioch township is \$20,472.55.

Buggy Tops, \$3.50. Side curtains fitted, \$1.25. Leather upholstered seats and cushions \$2.50. to \$4.50. Storm fronts that cover whole front of buggy \$1.50. Milk wagon box painted \$10.00. A. G. Watson.

For Sale Cheap—Practically new Incubators, brooders, Philo coops, bone grinder, bone cutter, music box, electric motors, hotwater heating plant. Dr. Corbin, Cross lake, Antioch, Ill. Phone 2391.

Now that "seeing things" has got to be the fad, Leonard Case comes forward with the statement that last week he saw a live frog hoping about on the ground. But Lew Felter says that's nothing he saw a lot of them last summer.

Next Monday evening will be the last lesson of the first term of the dancing class, on the following week a party will be held before beginning second. Beginning with next Monday evening ladies will be admitted for twenty-five cents a lesson.

It may be of interest to the many friends of the Dardis family, formerly of this place, to learn that Don, who for sometime has been employed as manager of the Yawkey Crowley lumber yards at Waupun, Wis., has resigned his position there in order to take charge of his fathers lumber business at Burlington.

Miss Ida Brook's reading of Bayard Vellier's book, "Within the Law" at the M. E. Church last Friday evening was the triumph of an artist. The play itself is one of the most notable contributions of recent literature to the social problem. The story, while probably not biographical, is absolutely true to facts. Mary Turners and Mr. Gilders abound in our commercial life. Miss Brooke succeeded in making this live before her hearers. She aroused our intense interest and attention, not to her rendering of it, but to the play itself, thus revealing the artist by concealing her art. Miss Brooke did vastly more than entertain her audience, she made converts. No one who thinks or cares about the present social maladjustments, could hear such a message and fail to be stirred to a just resentment against the social wrongs it portrayed, and with a desire to place them "Within the Law" yet, Miss Brooke did entertain us, her interpretation of Aggie Lynch with imitable slang, added just enough spice and humor to relieve our emotions. This was Miss Brook's first appearance here, we hope it will be the last, and we predict a larger, though hardly a more appreciative audience next time.

She Was Too Careless.
According to a Kansas paper a man in that state bought his wife a revolver with which to defend herself, but after a bullet had been dug out of his leg and the cow had been buried he decided she had better do her defending with an ax.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Unanswered Prayer.
Did you ever notice how hard it is at the table to get a cupful of coffee? —Denver Times.

Milk cans at Hunt's. adv
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chase McGuire on Tuesday a son.

Arthur Herman of Evanston spent over Sunday with home folks.

When Lincoln Paid, in two reels at the Crystal Theater next Saturday evening.

Fred Hembrook of Chetek, Wis., called on relatives and friends here Saturday of last week.

The voting contest at Cribb's Shoe Store will close on Wednesday, Feb. 11. Get busy and work for your favorite candidate.

It is reported that Ralph Chittenden, supervisor of Warren in not so well as he has been. He was recently badly hurt in a fall.

Feed Grinding—Satisfaction is guaranteed every customer. We grind every Monday and Saturday. A. V. Chinn, Antioch Laundry. 8tf adv

Mrs. Lloyd White and Mrs. Lew Gullidge of Waukegan and Harvey Watson of Rockefeller spent last Friday at the A. G. Watson home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McVey moved their household goods here the last of last week and are now nicely settled in their new home on North Main street.

Cold wave
Is coming
Reduce prices on
Mackinaws and sheep-
skin coats
At Webb's Adv.

Following Delegates was elected by the Woodman Camp to the meeting of the County camp, which meets at Antioch, April 1st. next. Ed. Garrett, J. C. James, S. LaPlant, Wm. Runyard and Wm. Kelly.

County Clerk Hendee last week received a letter from the state highway commission stating that the commission had formally accepted the 14-mile stretch of road leading east, from Lake Villa as Lake County's first state road.

A merry go-round for the benefit of the Ladies Aid society was again started on Friday of last week when Mrs. B. H. Overton and Mrs. Chas. Lux entertained twenty ladies at the home of Mrs. Overton.

A bus load of young people from this place attended the dance at Round Lake Saturday night. All report a fine time all are loud in their praises of the delightful moonlight ride on the homeward way, which by the way did not terminate till, well quite early in the morning. Ask them about it.

Tuesday night the thermometer registered one degree below zero. Wednesday night three above, and the ice men are now making preparation to commence filling their houses the last of this week or the first of next. The ice is reported to be 10 inches thick.

B. H. Overton appeared on the street Sunday morning wearing a bandage over his mouth and looking very much as though he had been participating in some of the Mexican riots. When questioned, he however, volunteered the following information. That while caring for his horse Saturday evening, he stooped over behind the animal to pick up a pail, this frightened the horse whereupon it kicked with both feet, striking Burt in the back of the head and on the elbow, as he attempted to rise the horse again kicked, that time hitting him in the face, inflicting a deep cut just above his mouth. It was necessary to have a couple of stitches taken in the wound.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Teahle, east of town occurred the death of their little nephew, Raymond Moats on Sunday morning of this week. A little over a week ago the mother of the little fellow passed away at the family home at Blue Island, Chicago, and after the funeral Mr. Moats brought his three months old son to his sister, Mrs. Teahle and it was her intention to adopt the child and give it a mothers care. Death however intervened and after being here but a few days the little one passed away.

The funeral was held at the home on Tuesday, morning with Rev. Stixrud officiating and the remains were taken on the ten o'clock train to Blue Island for interment by the side of the mother.

Fishes Light Sleepers.
All fish sleep at more or less regular intervals, but they do so without closing their eyes, and their slumber as a rule is lighter and more easily disturbed than that of any other living thing.

Can You Find the Answer?
A farmer asked a blacksmith what he would charge to join five pieces of chain of three links each. The blacksmith answered, "A cent a cut, and a cent a weld." "Let me see," said the farmer, "that would be eight cents." "No, sir," replied the blacksmith. It took the customer a long time to see how the two extra cents could be saved.—Youth's Companion.

Calf Meal at Hunt's. adv
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bollwahn on Monday Feb. 2, a son.

Card of Thanks
The Liberty Cemetery keepers wish to thank their friends for attending their dinner served January 17th at the home of Herbert E. Robbins. Also thank all parties who sent generous contributions. The receipts of the dinner were \$170.

Mande S. Robbins, Secy.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES
SUNDAY SERVICES
10:30 a. m. Preaching service.
11:45 a. m. Sunday School.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League devotional service.
7:30 p. m. Song and Preaching service.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday Prayer Meeting.

Prayer meeting on Thursday nights until further notice.

Next Sunday morning address by Rev. Glass on the great Kansas City Missionary convention. Come and hear him 10:30 a. m.

Topic of evening sermon "How may I know that I am a Christian? By the pastor. Everybody invited.

There will be a box social at Hickory church Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8 p. m., followed by an address by the pastor on "Shall this town become anti-saloon territory?" Get up a bus load and come.

Two merry-go-rounds were held last week for the benefit of the Epworth League, one at the Methodist Parsonage, the other at the home of Mrs. Percy Hawkins. Everybody reports a good time, about \$4.50 was cleared. Who will be next to have a merry-go-round for the Epworth League?

Pictures of Thought.
The little six-year-old daughter of a correspondent related to her brother, age seven, a dream which, evidently, she had not enjoyed. He said to her, very seriously, "Never mind, silly; dreams are only moving pictures in your mind." This is better than some of the philosophers have done with their explanations.

Removing Paint From Glass.
Take acetic acid and dilute it one-half in hot water, then apply to the paint spots while it is warm. Reheat if it gets too chilled. The hot acid will not hurt the hands, fabrics or the glass, but it must be kept from children who live mostly from hand to mouth.

Valuable Hint.
When gasoline is used to remove a spot from clothing a ring is often left around where the spot has been. A little salt in the gasoline will overcome this, leaving no trace of the soiled spot.

Collier's
The National Weekly
First Time in Clubs
Until this year Collier's has been sold at \$5.50. Now the price is \$2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

Special Offer to Our Readers
Recognizing the great demand for Collier's at the new price, we have made arrangements to offer it and our own publication each one year for the price of Collier's alone. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

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Collier's is the one big, independent, fearless weekly of the whole country. Not only is it the good citizen's hand book but it is also a magazine for the whole family. Among the things that a year's subscription gives are:

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150 Short Stories
100 Illustrated Features
2 Complete Novels

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Chick feed at Hunt's. adv

Chick feed at Hunt's. adv

AUCTIONEER
I wish to announce to the people of Antioch and vicinity that I will cry sales at very reasonable terms. I have had years of experience in the business and can guarantee satisfaction. A. Gorgenser, Loon Lake, Phone 2042.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE, REAL ESTATE

For Sale or Exchange—A well improved farm of 50 acres, in Lucas Co., Iowa, in a good country, close to a good town. Also a good improved fruit and dairy farm of 100 acres, two miles from Doniphan, Ripley county, Missouri. Will take in some good horses or some good income city property on either one of these farms. Also some good improved farms including personal property, in Juneau county, Wis.

For Sale—Some well improved farms good location, in Juneau, Adams and Monroe counties, Wis. Also several thousand acres of unimproved, close to good towns, where land is selling fast, and advancing fast every day. Situated in Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Missouri.

For Sale—Some well improved farms, from 20 to 300 acres close to the station in Kenosha county, Wisconsin and Lake county, Illinois. These farms can be bought right and on easy terms. Also some good houses and lots in the towns of Bristol, Wisconsin, and Antioch, Ill.

For Exchange—A good house of five rooms and basement, on a corner lot, good location and in good condition, in Waukegan, Ill. Price \$1200. Will take in some horses on this as part pay and give time on the balance.

For further particulars call on or address L. J. Slocum, Bristol, Wis. adv

Training Animals.
The psychology of animals is curiously like that of young children. Interest must be won; it cannot be forced. No appeal, save a direct one to instinct, is admissible. Penalties are quite meaningless except as obstacles in a particular path, and as such they must never arouse active fear. It will be seen therefore that the opportunities for cruelty are necessarily limited. Trainers may abuse their charges, but each time they do so they court disaster.

Frighten Fish Into Net.
A novel way of fishing among Chinamen is with a net and clapper. The net is stretched on a light bamboo frame in the shape of a truncated pyramid. The fisherman either sits in a boat or wades in the shallows, striking the water with the wooden clapper, which frightens the fish into the net.

Worse Than Quoted.
"I don't see," said Mrs. Pozozzo, "why it is said of a homely woman that her face would 'stop a clock.' I know women whose faces would cause a clock to run itself to death from sheer fright."

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OPTICAL COLLEGE

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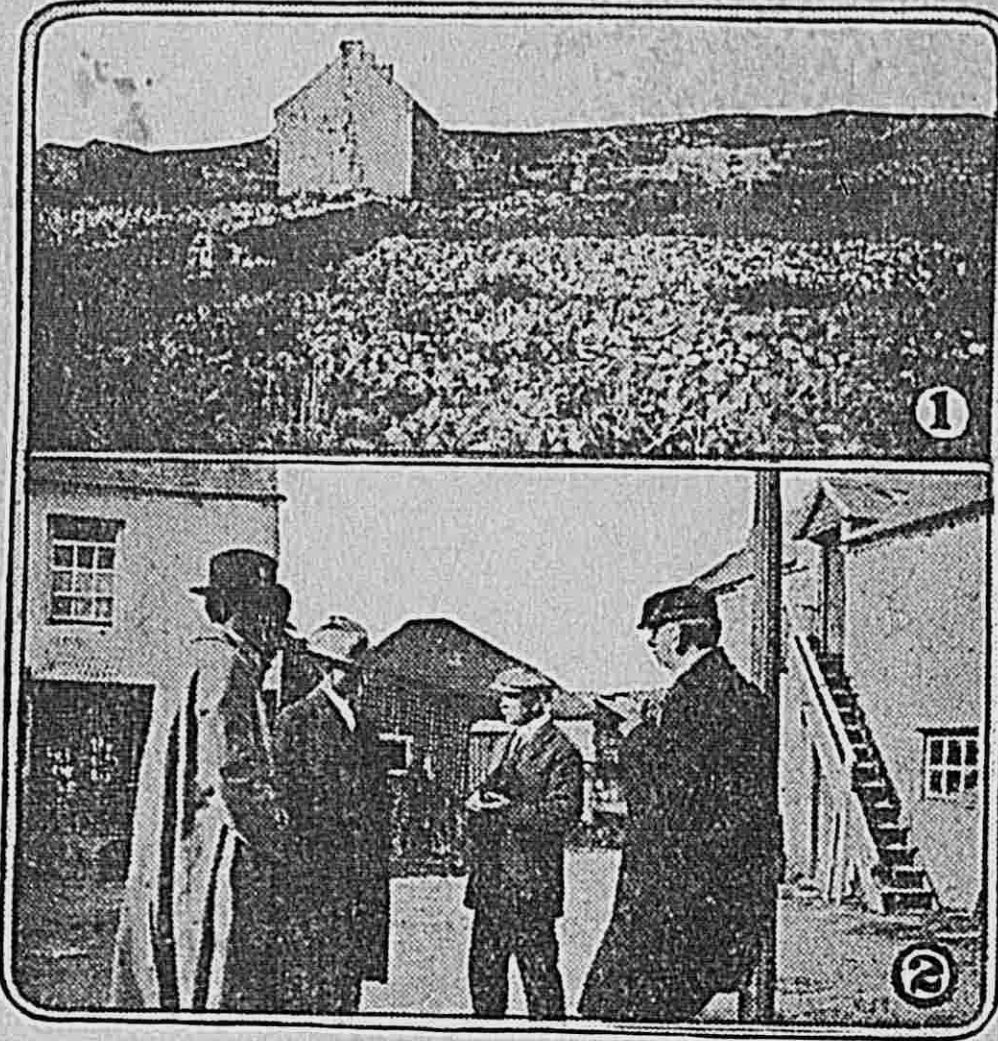
Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATHEW S. DUDGEON

(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE "GOMBEEN MAN."



1—Where the Gombeen Man Flourishes Among the Rocks.
2—Paddy Gallagher Tells the American Visitors How the Gombeen Man Charged Him 144 Per Cent. Interest.

Dunglow, County Donegal, Ireland.—This is the old haunt—the habitat—of the "gombeen man." He is our American city "loan shark" transplanted with all his blood-sucking propensities and his starvation inducing qualities into rural Ireland. Here conditions are right for his activities. Where the need for money is greatest he prospers best. The poorer the country, the richer he grows. And poor enough this country certainly is. Wide, low-lying peat bogs stretch between great slopes of rising hillsides where the soil shows only between masses of outcropping rocks. No fields are there here large enough to offer opportunity for work with horses even if plowing and cultivating were not made impossible by the huge half-buried rocks. Every enclosure demands fertilizers as a condition precedent to production. Nature is stingy and hesitates to let go of any product of value to humans. Yet here and there is a cottage upon a barren hillside; around it we see children that are not starving nor insufficiently clothed.

"Gombeen Man" Passing.
Here was the haunt of the gombeen man. But as relative prosperity comes in he goes out. They tell us that co-operation has numbered the days of the gombeen man and that he is passing. As he formerly operated his business here he was the worst enemy to rural prosperity to be found upon the island. "The gombeen man is worse than the non-resident landlord," says Paddy Gallagher of Dunglow, which is an extreme statement when made by one whose father and family have suffered cruelly from many evictions.

Seldom was the gombeen man admitted in the loan business. Frequently he was a trader or shop keeper. Generally he kept a public house. Often he was a dominating influence politically, and held some office. Invariably he was an economic scourge and made rural prosperity impossible. We have spoken of him in the past tense, not because he has altogether ceased to exist but because co-operation seems to be developing a plan for rural credit which will eventually put him out of business.

Patrick Gallagher's Story.
Patrick Gallagher, now the manager of the local co-operative society, probably knows as much about the trials of the poor farmer in Ireland as any one. He was born in a little one-room farm cottage and was at nine years of age forced to leave home and hire himself out as a farm laborer receiving the wage of three pounds for six months' work. From these beginnings he has risen to be a rural financier in County Donegal and has raised the condition of the poor farmers from abject poverty to comparative comfort through his co-operative enterprises. Here is what Paddy Gallagher says of the gombeen man, speaking from his personal experiences and verifying much that he says from documents and account books:

"Here is one transaction of my own with the gombeen man. On the 28th of May, 1906, my father and I bought seven stone of flour and one hundred weight of Indian meal, each. My father paid for his \$4.25. I was not in a position to pay for mine until the 11th of July, 1906, forty-four days later. The gombeen man then presented me with a bill for \$5.31. I disputed his right to charge me \$1.06 interest on \$4.25 for only forty-four days and pointed out to him that my father bought the same goods on the same

date for \$4.25. The gombeen man argued that my father paid \$4.50 and that he was only charging me eighty-one cents extra, or 144 per cent interest per annum. During the twenty years my father was bringing up his family, he paid interest at this rate.

"Here is a writ that was issued against a poor farmer. The amount is \$37.75, and here is the pass book which proves that \$18.25 of that is interest. You will also note that the gombeen man charges this customer \$3.37 for seven stone of flour; on the same date the co-operative society's price was \$2.25."

So the gombeen man was robbing everybody as he tried to rob Paddy Gallagher and his friends.

An Old Man's Story.

The story that we get in Dunglow tallies with the account which Sir Horace Plunkett and his colleagues in Dublin gave us of the situation. But as scientific investigators we are anxious to get as much material from original sources as possible. So on Sunday afternoon "it is us" for a jaunting car and a ride into the country in search of fundamental facts. We hear of a patriarchal citizen five miles out who they say is as honest as the day is long. We find Donald O'Boyle (otherwise Shane O'Ge) in a habitation which from outward appearances hardly merits the name of cottage. But when warm-hearted Irish hospitality invites us inside we find a neat, clean, comfortable place, that is indeed home to the family which has been for generations the tenants of a line of non-evicting landlords. Shane O'Ge, with his son, his daughter-in-law, and some shy, blue-eyed little grandchildren, welcomes us warmly. The mother is feeding the children mashed potatoes and milk from a bowl (about all many Irish children get to eat). To them this is much more interesting than a discussion of the gombeen man.

Yes, he and his father knew well the gombeen man. "We'd buy of the trader but we'd not know the price at all," he said. "It would do us no good. We'd have to pay in the end what he'd ask us anyway when he had the money. It was hard to get it round here—we mostly had to go over and work in the Scottish harvests to get any at all. When we had the money we would ask what we owed and the trader would tell us what it was. We never knew what the items were. We never dared to ask. He would say, 'How dare you dispute my books?' And it's more than one poor man I've seen kicked out for asking a civil question. But everybody says they charged the highest price the stuff had been from the time it was bought until we paid for it and I guess that's the truth, and of course the added interest, though I don't know how much. And so of course, we paid what they asked—and enough it was—though we never knew much about it. They let us get meal or anything else on credit without money for they knew it meant more to them in a high price besides interest. Things are different now; they're a lot better."

Co-operative Credit Conquering.
Things are different in Ireland now. The farmers themselves are driving out the gombeen man. Co-operative credit associations have changed all this. As that eminent Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, says in his book on Ireland in the New Century: "The exact purpose of these organizations is to create credit as a means of introducing capital into the agricultural industry. They perform the apparent

miracle of giving solvency to a community composed almost entirely of insolvent individuals."

Paddy Gallagher in telling us how the association operates here at Dunglow, says: "A credit society in Dunglow was organized and established in October, 1903, by the Irish Agricultural Organization society and has been regularly audited and inspected by that body ever since. Although we had at first only £220 of working capital, we have now a reserve of £26, 16s. The members are equally responsible for the success or failure of the society. Each man has one vote no matter how much or how little his investment in the concern is. They take such keen interest in it that during its nine years working there has not been an over due loan at the end of the year. The society is undoubtedly of great assistance to the people in the district. We want the time to come when every man can walk up the street in Dunglow and say he owes nothing."

Capitalizing Character.

These co-operative banks have, as it were, capitalized character. The early organizers of co-operative credit associations held, and experience has confirmed the opinion, that in the poorest communities there is a perfectly safe basis of security in the honesty and industry of its members. This security is not valuable in the ordinary commercial sense. The ordinary banker has no intimate knowledge of the character of those who apply for a loan. Neither has he any way of testing whether or not those who borrow "for productive purposes" actually apply the loan to such purposes. The borrower must bring two sureties, who like the borrower himself, must be men of approved character and capacity. The character of these three men is the sole basis of credit.

The rules provide—and this is the characteristic feature of the system—that a loan shall be made for a "productive purpose" only. That is, the borrowed money must be used for a purpose which, in the judgment of the committee, will enable the borrower to repay the loan out of the results of the use made of the money. The farmer buys a sow to raise pigs; he must have fertilizers; he needs some high-grade seeds; he wants to build better shelter for his cow—all these are productive purposes. In one case money to send the borrower's boy to school for eight months so as to increase his earning capacity was considered a productive purpose justifying a loan, as it proved to be when the boy himself repaid the loan. The rules of the co-operative society provide for the expulsion of a member who does not apply the money to the agreed purpose. It is said, however, to the credit of the Irish members of these societies, that there has never been the necessity of putting this rule in force in a single instance anywhere throughout the entire island. Social and moral influences seem to be quite sufficient to secure obedience to the rules and regulations of the society.

Co-operative Credit Is Good.

There are other advantages. The regular bank is generally miles away. It costs money for the borrower to go and take his surrenders, paying car fare, meals and maybe drinks, while the co-operative association is right at hand. The bank will loan for only 90 days, while the co-operative society will make it up to a year. And a 90-day loan gives the farmer no chance to realize on seed or fertilizer or stock bought with the money borrowed. But here in the local credit bank if a man is honest he can get the loan he needs. He must bring two sureties, but co-operation breeds and develops neighborly helpfulness and they say no honest man ever falls because he can get no sureties.

Neither the association nor its members have any considerable capital. When they organize they begin by borrowing a sum of money on the joint and several liability of the members. Deposits are received from both members and non-members. The society usually borrows at four or five per cent, and lends at five or six per cent. In some cases government funds have been loaned to them at three per cent, thus enabling them to make a very low loan to their members. The expense of administration is almost nothing.

Lesson for Rural America.

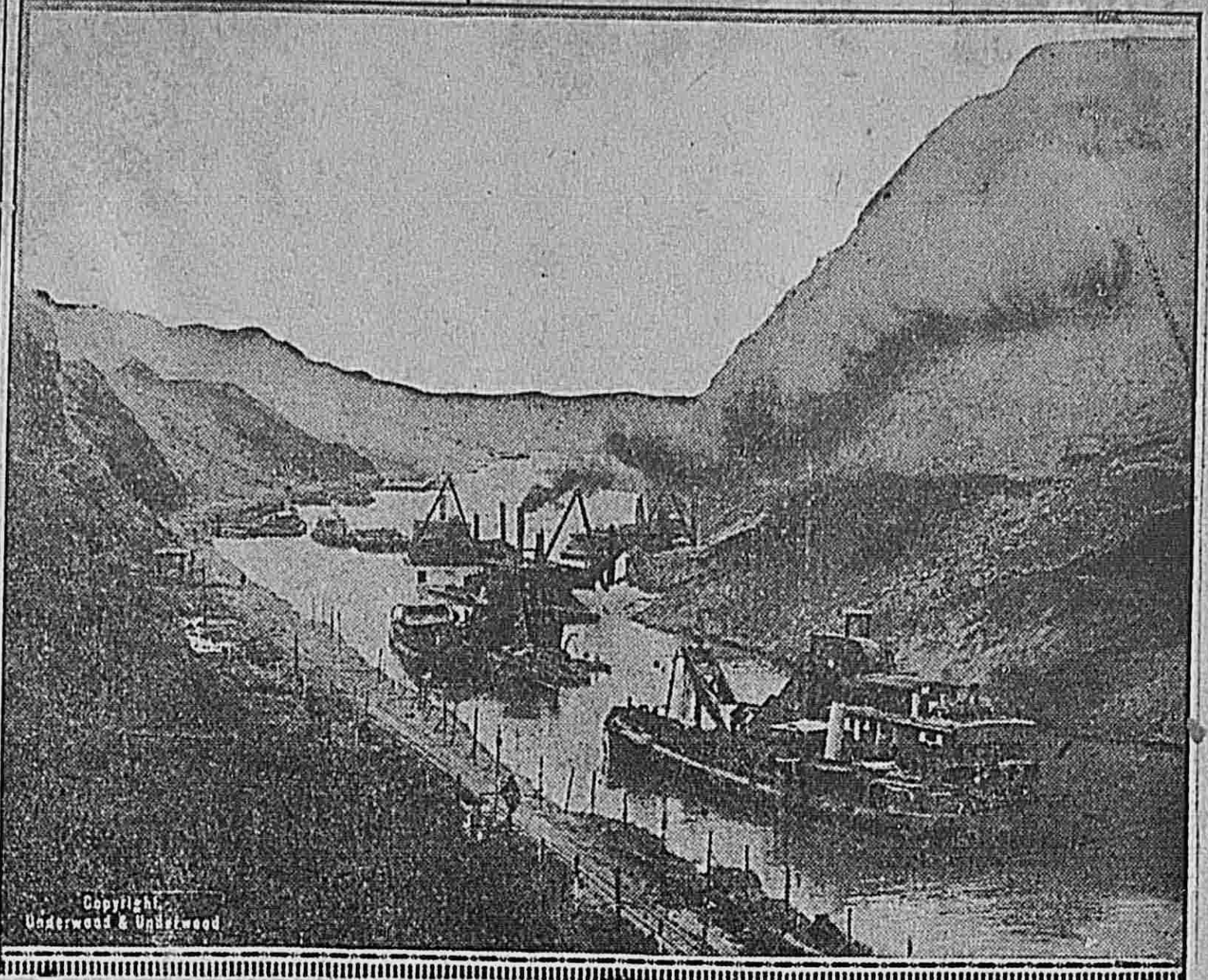
It is such societies as these that are putting the gombeen men out of business in Ireland. We have in rural America gombeen men. They are not so called, but American loan sharks and credit men are first cousins to the Irish gombeen men.

The question we Americans are trying to answer is this: Have Irish rural credit methods a lesson for the rural sections in our own land? Can our loan shark, whether in city or country, be fought and conquered by similar American co-operative societies?

There are hundreds of poor farmers who must ask credit either of merchants and dealers or must secure loans from some source. Most of them get credit of the local merchant. It is, of course, well recognized that any dealer who extends credit not only charges interest but charges a higher price than when he gets cash payment.

Why cannot the American farmer get a loan at a nearby banking institution for six months or ten months or a year instead of for 90 days? Why cannot he capitalize his character as does the Irishman? In some states there are under existing laws plenty of small joint stock banks throughout the smaller towns and villages which are accessible. The directors and officers know the farmer's needs. They are so intimately acquainted with those who might become borrowers that they could do as the Irish credit banks do and arrange for capitalizing character. But they don't do it.

CULEBRA CUT ALMOST CLEARED OUT



So rapid has been the work of the huge dredges here photographed removing the Cucaracha slide in the Culebra cut that the canal will be ready in April for the passage of ocean vessels through its entire length.

CULLOM'S BODY BURIED

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD IN STATEHOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD.

Many Statesmen, From All Sections of Illinois, Attend Funeral of Aged Ex-Senator.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 3.—Across the grave fell the shadow of Abraham Lincoln's monument as the body of Senator Shelby Moore Cullom was buried in Oak Ridge cemetery, 200 yards from the Lincoln obelisk on Sunday.

Statesmen from all sections of Illinois and hundreds of persons from Springfield stood about the flower-lined grave shortly before dusk. It was an impressive climax of a simple service at the state capitol.

In the house of representatives, from the same platform where five times Mr. Cullom was presented with a federal senatorial toga, eloquent tributes were paid.

Former Senator Cullom was buried between the graves of his two wives who preceded him many years.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Former Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois died here on Wednesday after an illness of more than a week.

His last words were a wish that he might have lived to see the completion of the national memorial to Abraham Lincoln, who was his personal friend.

The end came as a result of a general breakdown after the aged statesman had fought against death for six weeks. When forced to take his bed the ex-senator's strength slowly began to ebb. He clung tenaciously to life after he had been given up several times. He was unconscious when death came.

IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS

Champaign, Ill., Jan. 30.—Harry Myers, arrested for drunkenness and lodged in the city jail, took acid during the night and was found dead in his cell.

Johnstown, Pa., Jan. 31.—The Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago express on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, westbound from New York city, was wrecked here. Three are known to have been killed and several others injured, one fatally. The express was rounding the big curve at Buttermill Falls, near East Conemaugh, just east of the city, when it struck the engine and caboose which had just returned from a trip up the mountain and was standing on the express track awaiting the signal to enter the Conemaugh yards. How the express and the empty engine came to be in the same block has not been explained.

Mexico City, Jan. 30.—It was reported here on Wednesday that Felix Diaz who fled to Havana to escape being executed, has landed at Puerto Mexico, with a force of men and artillery. It is said that the city is now in his hands. The report further declares that followers of Diaz are now marching to Oaxaca where Diaz is a great favorite.

Title to Illinois Shooter.
Houston, Tex., Feb. 3.—Mark Arlo, Thomasboro, Ill., was high average winner of the thirteenth annual Sunny South handicap shoot. His score was 1,140 targets out of 1,205; J. R. Jahn, Keosau, Ia., was second with 1,185.

Accuses Federal Ex-Official.
Washington, Feb. 3.—Charges of misuse of his official power for political purposes have been filed against former Acting Commissioner F. H. Abbott by William E. Johnson, formerly employed in the Indian bureau.

ASKS U. S. PHONE LINE

P. O. DEPARTMENT COMMITTEE CITES ULTIMATE NECESSITY OF FEDERAL CONTROL.

WOULD ACT IMMEDIATELY

Report Points Out That Government Monopoly Is Only Solution to Benefit People—Would Cost the Nation \$225,000,000.

Washington, Feb. 3.—Postmaster General Burleson submitted to the senate on Saturday the recommendations of the departmental committee appointed by him to investigate the practicability of government monopoly of telephone and telegraph lines, wireless communication and whatever system of transmitting messages may later be devised by congress.

Under the proposal real estate held by the telephone companies would not be required, but accommodations for switchboards, etc., leased until room could be found for them in post offices. The report says this policy would reduce the cost of purchase of the phone lines, the capitalization of which, as they now exist, is placed at \$900,000,000.

The report declares that "the only way to afford to the people the complete and modern postal facilities that the constitution makes it a duty of the government to provide" is by carrying out these suggestions:

1. That congress declare a government monopoly over all telegraph, telephone and radio communication and such other means for the transmission of intelligence as may hereafter develop.

2. That congress acquire by purchase at appraised value the commercial telephone network, except the farmer lines.

3. That congress authorize the postmaster general to issue, in his discretion and under such regulations as he may prescribe, revocable licenses for the operation, by private individuals, associations, companies and corporations of the telegraph service and such parts of the telephone service as may not be acquired by the government.

Government ownership of the telephone rather than telegraph lines is recommended for the reason that telegraph service can be more readily superimposed on telephone lines than telephone service on telegraph lines.

The cost of acquiring the telegraph facilities is estimated at \$225,000,000, as against \$200,000,000 for the long distance and toll telephone lines. As there are some 3,000 proprietors of telephone lines, payments would extend over a period that would allow ample time to market bonds, the report adds. The report continues:

"According to the best available data the capitalization of the long distance and toll lines represents approximately \$200,000,000 and the capitalization of the entire commercial network approximately \$900,000,000."

Star of Vaudeville Is Dead.

New York, Feb. 3.—James Russell, younger of the vaudeville team of Russell Brothers, died at his home in Elmhurst, L. I. He was fifty-one years old. Three years ago he suffered a nervous breakdown.

Car Company Files Denial.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 3.—The American Can company filed a general denial of the government's allegation in its suit for a dissolution of the company on the ground that it is a trust in unlawful restraint of trade.

U. S. DEFERS TO JAPAN

SECRETARY BRYAN STOPS WORK OF IMMIGRATION BODY.

State Department Feels Work Would Be Hampered If Legislation Imposed to Japan Is Enacted.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The delicacy of the situation existing between the United States and Japan was strikingly illustrated when a telephone message from Secretary of State Bryan to the house immigration committee stopped all further consideration of the Raker exclusion bill.

The state department message was in the nature of an ultimatum, it was reported.

Secretary Bryan informed Chairman Burnett that the department considered it imperative that the legislation which might irritate friendly nations in the east be dropped for this year.

Later it became known that Secretary Bryan's action came as the result of a conference he held earlier in the day with Viscount Chinda, the Japanese ambassador, who called at the state department to confer with the secretary concerning the Japanese situation.

Secretary Bryan declined to make any comment on his reasons for telephoning the house committee.

MRS. REUTER IS NOT GUILTY

Oklahoma Woman Charged With Murder of Husband Freed in District Court.

Bartlesville, Okla., Feb. 2.—Mrs. Laura M. Reuter was found "not guilty" of the charge of complicity in the murder of her husband, Charles T. Reuter, by a jury in the district court. The accused woman, who had been ill during the entire trial, was removed by the verdict. There was a wild demonstration in the court room when the verdict was read. This is the second time the woman was tried, the first trial resulting in a conviction, carrying with it a life sentence. She was granted a new trial. It was reported that Mrs. Reuter is to be married to J. E. Proctor, a wealthy Louisville man, at the Hotel Maile.

INDICTS FIRM AND 3 ROADS

Packing Company Hardest Hit—All Are Accused of Rebating in Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 3.—Swift & Co. and three railroads were indicted on Saturday by a grand jury before Judge K. M. Landis in the United States district court on charges of rebating and soliciting rebates. The packing firm alone faces a possible maximum fine of \$1,200,000 on the charges.

Sixty violations of the interstate commerce laws are charged against Swift & Co. The other defendants are the Pennsylvania Railroad company, the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad company and the "Panhandle"—the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis railroad.

To Aid Social Evil Victims.

Washington, Feb. 3.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson attended a civic meeting at which plans were discussed for helping inmates of the capital's "red light district," which is soon to be ended by the new Kenyon law.

Segel Store Bankrupt.

Boston, Feb. 3.—Henry Segel & Co. of Boston, one of the Segel corporations, for which receivers were appointed a month ago, was adjudicated bankrupt in the United States district court.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. H. J. Nelson is on the gain.
Edgar Kerr was home over Sunday.
E. A. Wilton was in Chicago on business Monday.
Mrs. Albert Kapple and Edwin are spending the week in Chicago.
Mrs. Chas. Keller and two children are visiting relatives in Chicago.
Max Deylitz of Muskegon, Mich., called on friends here last week.
Mrs. Chas. Glasser of Maywood has been visiting at the Jas. Atwell home.
Mr. and Mrs. Rickey moved from the Dicks cottage to Mrs. Rowling's last week.
Sunday evening services from now on will begin at 7:30 instead of 7:15 as formerly.
Mrs. P. W. Gray and son of Chicago spent the week end with her sisters and brother here.
Both the morning and evening service on Sunday were well attended and splendid services enjoyed.
L. Barthel and family moved the last of the week to Channel Lake, where Mr. Barthel has a position as forman at an ice-house.
Henry Cable and Miss Little were married Monday, Feb. 2nd., at the home of the bride's parents near Antioch. They will make their home on the farm owned by the groom's father, who expects to move to Grayslake soon. We extended congratulations.

MILLBURN

Grandpa Tower is on the gain.
Everybody go to church next Sunday.
Mrs. Will Bonner entertained company Sunday.
John Thain attended the auto show on Wednesday.
Mrs. Dave Young was a Zion City caller Monday.
Sol LaPlant of Antioch has been doing some work in this vicinity.
A number from here attended the card party at Gurnee Friday night.
Mrs. Ernest Wells spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Patch of Russell.
Miss Madge Stephens entertained a few of her friends at her home Wednesday evening.
Mrs. Kate Neahaus returned Sunday from Chicago, where she has been visiting relatives.

RUSSELL

Bessie Carlson is on the sick list.
I. L. Siver is recovering from a spell of sickness.
R. E. Lewin made a business trip to Savannah Thursday.
Mrs. Wm. Oliver spent a few days with Russell relatives.
Mrs. E. A. Reeves entertained the Ladies Aid society Thursday.
Those attending the dance on Friday night report a fine time.
Geo. Wilson is entertaining his brother Ralph of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
Miss Florence Powell of Waukegan visited relatives here this week.
Don't forget to attend the Farmer's Institute at Russell on Thursday Home entertainment in the evening.
James Reeves has bought the McCarron farm north of Russell. Walter Dawse expects to move on it soon.

Hickory Church Notes
SUNDAY SERVICES

1:45 p. m. Sunday School.
2:30 p. m. Preaching Service.
Phone 333 A. O. Stuxrud.
Come in time for Sunday School next Sunday.
Rev. J. Le Roy Glass for a few months pastor of Hickory church, will speak at Hickory church next Sunday afternoon on the Kansas City Missionary convention. Don't fail to hear brother Glass, he has a great message give.
Tuesday, Feb. 10, there will be a Shadow Box social at Hickory church followed by an address by Rev. Stixrud on: "Shall this town become anti-salon territory?" Ladies bring box lunch for two; coffee and cream served.

Pointer for Poets.
Trading stamps were given with poems of the poets more women buy them.

BRISTOL

Jim Griffith and wife were in Kenosha Monday.
Gordon Snyder was a Kenosha visitor last Friday.
F. H. Gilbert made a business trip to Chicago Friday.
Miss Ruby Fox spent part of last week in Kenosha.
Wells Curtis transacted business in Milwaukee Tuesday.
Mrs. Elmer Parson spent the last of the week in Kenosha.
Miss Olive Sheen spent Sunday at the home of William Bacon.
Mrs. M. A. Gaines spent Saturday with her daughter at Salem.
Misses Doris and Hazel Parsons were Kenosha visitors last Thursday.
A bus load from here attended the annual dinner at Salem Saturday.
Miss Evelyn Gilbert of Hebron is spending a few days with her parents here.
G. P. Willett spent a couple of days at the Automobile show in Chicago last week.
Miss Amy Wickham of Kenosha spent the last of the week with her parents here.
Fred Murdock and family of Kenosha spent Sunday at the home of C. E. Williams.
Mrs. F. E. Stevens spent last week with old friends and relatives in Manitowoc, Wis.
Leslie Leonard and wife spent a couple of days at the Automobile show in Chicago last week.
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gaines of Sheboygan, visited at the home of Mrs. Mary Gaines last week.
L. K. McVicar and wife entertained a few of their immediate friends at a formal tango party last Saturday.
Andrew Hanson and wife, George and Jens Jensen attended an entertainment at the Danish Brotherhood hall in Kenosha Saturday.
The last number on the Lyceum course will be given in the Bristol hall Saturday night, February 14. Osceola Pooler, reader and entertainer.
Mrs. C. F. Parkin of Des Moines, Iowa, and Harry Castle of Chicago were called home last Friday by the serious illness of their father.
Don't forget the annual chicken pie dinner at the Bristol hall on Friday, February 6. Dinner 50 cents. Everybody come and get a good dinner and have a good social visit with old neighbors and friends.
Miss Edith Snyder of this place and Lin Everett of Woodworth, Wis., were married at Kenosha last Wednesday, immediately after the ceremony the couple left for a short wedding trip, visiting at various places in the central part of the state.
On last Saturday morning word was received of the death of Mrs. Viola Struck, wife of Frank Struck formerly of this place but recently of Salem, Oregon. Mrs. Struck was before her marriage, Miss Sherman. She is a sister of Mrs. Edmund Pike of this place.
The Kenosha County Milk Producers held a meeting at the Bristol hall on Tuesday of last week. Secretary Jack was present and gave a short address. Frank Holt of Pleasant Prairie and Joe Toelle of Wheatland were elected as delegates to the convention held in Chicago on Feb. 3.

SILVER LAKE

O. C. Mathews was here Monday.
Clair Dixon and wife were in Chicago Friday.
Milton Blum is spending several days in Chicago.
Flora Selby visited Burlington friends Monday.
Joe Dalton transacted business in Madison last week.
Mrs. Weinsloff of Chicago visited here Wednesday.
Mrs. Koehn went to Chicago to visit her son, Sunday.
Mrs. Dave Elfers and children visited her mother this week.
Mike Fleuer, wife and daughter were in Milwaukee Monday.
Fred Schmalfelt and family of Padock's Lake, were callers here Sunday.
Thackeray's Unique Distinction.
Thackeray stands alone, according to a gatherer of unconsidered trifles, in that he is about the only man of genius who possessed yellow hair.

Fishing by Moonlight.

On the Ningpo river, in China, moonlight fishing is carried on to a large extent. For this purpose a long, narrow, flat boat, provided on one side with a board sloping down into the water, and painted a bright white, is used. The fish, attracted by the white board, jump upon it, and thence into the boat, the net preventing them from falling into the water on the other side.

Origin of English Words.

An analysis of 20,000 English words taken from the New Standard Dictionary shows that 4,842 of these words come from the Latin through French; 3,681 words are of Anglo-Saxon and English origin; 2,880 come directly from Latin; 2,493 are directly or indirectly from the Greek; the American Indian languages supply 102 words, the African languages 32, and Lithuanian ends the list with one word to its credit.

Japan's Handicap Last Year.

Japan is such a mountainous country that it has to resort to intensive cultivation in order to raise enough rice. Last year it used fertilizers to the value of more than \$104,000,000.



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Public Service Co. OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

MAN SHE DIDN'T LIKE

By KATHRYN CROWE.

"You dear thing!" cried the girl in the green coat that bulged in the middle and was tied in around her ankles. "I haven't seen you since the Klips party! Did you have a good time?"
The young woman in the shapeless mauve frock raised her eyebrows languidly. "I don't like to be critical," she murmured, "but it does seem to me that Gladys Klips collects the queerest lot of people about her! I suppose I'm not used to that sort. And Gladys hasn't the first idea of being a successful hostess—so awkward and careless of her guests, don't you think?"

"She certainly seemed to be terribly fond of that new man—Bickens was his name, wasn't it?"

"I really don't know," yawned the girl in the shapeless mauve frock. "I didn't notice him particularly."

"I thought he was terribly good looking!" said the girl in the green coat. "My dear!" The girl in the mauve frock raised her hands and let them fall despairingly. "Don't tell me you were attracted by his type! Just like a butcher—with his broad shoulders and his red face—"

"He plays golf," explained the girl in the green coat. "He gets his color that way. Of course he had to be polite to Gladys—"

"That was no reason for his being absolutely rude to every one else!" retorted the girl in the mauve dress. "He—"

"I thought you said you hadn't noticed him," objected her friend. "You seem to have kept a watch on him pretty closely!"

"I ejaculated the girl in the mauve frock. "How utterly absurd! I couldn't help seeing a creature like that who was eternally in view, could I? He was most annoying! I detest that kind of person who is so big that he fills up all the room! I was frightfully bored with the whole thing."

"Why, Mr. Perkins—Lockens—Bickens—that's it, Bickens, was just impossible! In fact, there were no interesting people there at all, outside of our very own crowd, my dear! This summer I met so many splendid men that

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AT THE JEWEL COUNTER

By HARMONY WELLER.

Had Bronson been the ordinary type of man the incident would never have happened.

But Bronson was not ordinary in any sense of the word. His greatest hobby was odd philanthropies.

At the jewel counter of one of the department stores Bronson heard a girl's voice lamenting the fact that she could not have the dainty pendant at which she was gazing longingly.

"They are my birthstones," she told the clerk, "and I need the luck they would bring me. No," she shook her head and handed back the velvet case. "I would have to go without luncheon for three years in order to pay for it."

Bronson was uncomfortably susceptible to the timbre of the voice.

"I will have you send me those cuff links when the engraving is finished," she was saying to the clerk. A moment later she had given her name and address and turned from the counter.

Bronson did not look after her. He was not interested in her as a woman.

"Show me that opal and diamond pendant?" he asked of a clerk who had not served Avis Brayton—for such was the girl's name.

"Send this to Miss Avis Brayton," he told the clerk, and gave her the address. He scribbled a line on a blank card, paid the bill and went his way.

When the package was received by the girl with whom Avis roomed she thought nothing of it and took it in without question.

"But how could I know to send it back?" questioned Mary Ellen when Avis unwrapped the pendant. "I supposed it to be something you had ordered."

"Oh-h," gasped Avis, delight glowing in her eyes. "It is the very one I wanted so badly!"

"Avis Brayton—that is the most romantic thing I ever heard of! An anonymous token of admiration!" Mary Ellen wrote love stories that occasionally brought checks from the magazines. "You will meet him some day and marry him—I know it!"

It was two years later that Bronson entered the Van Wilde's spacious drawing room. The affair was a dinner-musical.

Bronson was more or less attracted to a girl to whom he had not been presented. She was extraordinarily beautiful, and her gown of white chiffon and swansdown brought out every manifold charm of her.

The girl was evidently one of the song birds. She was even then making a graceful pilgrimage toward the side of the grand piano.

Bronson sighed. Surely a girl so lovely could not be possessed of very great musical ability. That would be an abundance of gifts seldom given to one being. However, the applause that greeted her appearance beside the piano gave partial evidence that she was at least of magnetic personality.

Later, he met the wonderful girl and the very slightest of premonitions then warned him that he was on the verge of a tremendous love affair. His unique trend of thought was interrupted by the voice of his hostess.

"I am giving you our star to lead in to dinner," Mrs. Wilde told him and indicated the singer.

"It is she who will lead—I can but follow," said Bronson with a gallant bow.

At the dinner table it was Jimmy Rogers who made the startling suggestion.

"I want you to disabuse our minds on one conviction, Miss Brayton," he said with a laugh. "All famous people are supposed at one time to have gone about bare-footed and all that sort of thing. Tell us the true story of your life." A general laugh followed.

Avis Brayton smiled.

"It is a long story and a true one," she began laughingly, "and there is a little of the romantic in it. I really was—all but barefoot—once. My roommate and I, Mary Ellen was her name—you can see it in all the best magazines now—were cooking our meals in a chafing dish to save money. We were very poor, but optimistic. When we were at the lowest stage of the ladder I—Avis paused and held up the opal pendant, "was presented with this necklace—anonously." She glanced about at the guests and wondered at the sudden indrawn breath of her table companion.

"I have never known who sent it, but it brought me luck almost during the hour I received it. I would not part with it were the donor himself to ask it."

Accusing fingers were pointing to Bronson.

"There couldn't be two eccentric philanthropists—Bronson here is the guilty person or I'm a Dutchman!" laughed Jimmy Rogers.

"Your eccentricity, in this case, Mr. Bronson, has given me all my success," she said softly in that mellow voice that had a wistful timbre. "I have a feeling that one day—I can reward you."

Bronson gazed at her until a soft color crept into her cheeks, then he removed his glance and gave back the banter that was being generously hurled toward him.

FOR AND AGAINST THE BEARD

Controversy Is an Old One and Has Been Waged With Considerable Bitterness.

We need not go back so far as the eighteenth century to find Englishmen who held that shaving was "agen God an nature." In the nineteenth, James Ward, R. A., in a "Defense of the Beard," set forth eighteen reasons for retaining it, mainly Scriptural, reinforced by artistic considerations. "What would a Jupiter be without a beard?" As late as 1860 Thelogos published a treatise entitled "Shaving—A Breach of the Sabbath and a Hindrance to the Spread of the Gospel."

One of his points was that "Providence had manifestly designed the beard as a protection for the throat and chest." But what about the woman's throat?

Nowhere was there more prejudice centuries ago against beards than at the inns of court. The "black books" of the Inns tell us how offenders were fined for wearing beards, and sometimes were compulsorily shaved by order of court. And the prejudice against the bearded barrister still lingers. Vice Chancellor Bacon carried his dislike to bearded or mustachioed barristers so far that he always refused to hear them. Even now there are very few leading counsel with beards, and I can remember only one unshaved barrister of great eminence, the late Judah Philip Benjamin, Q. C.—silver-tongued Benjamin, who wore a mustache and a goatee.—London Chronicle.

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